KING
POPEYE
THE SAILOR
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
HANG ON SWEE'PEA, HERE IT COMES!
SPACE SHIP
FEATURING: SWEE'PEA WIMPY and BRUTUS

WORDS WHICH ★ IN THIS BOOK

LOOK FOR THE STARS IN THE STORIES

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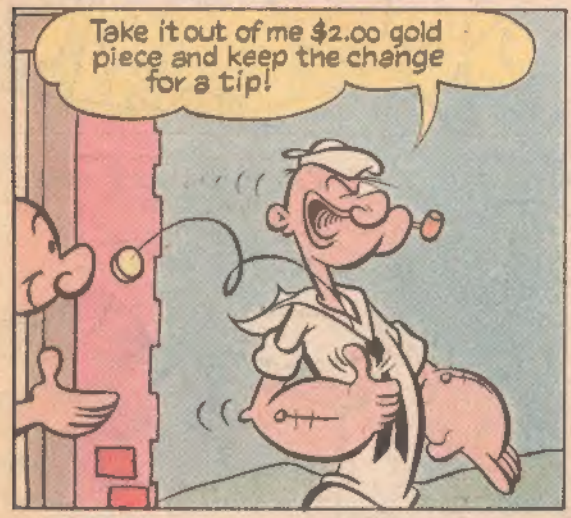
THIMBLE THEATER PRESENTS 'POPEYE THE SAILOR' in...

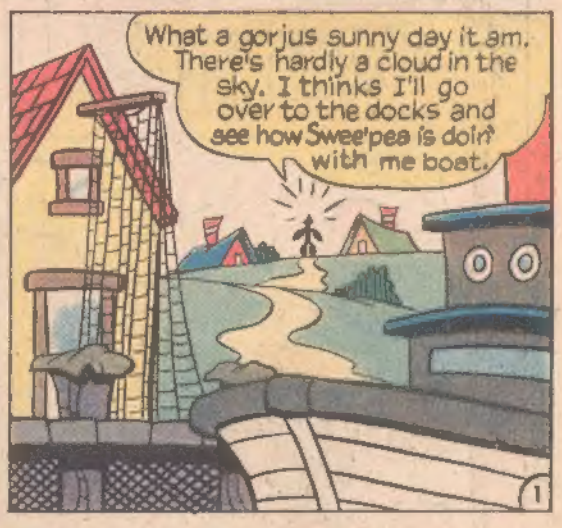
CLOUD CLODS

ARF! ARF! I like me new white summer duds. They make me feel like a TV commercial for Sudsy Soap.

I used only the finest bed sheets...uh, material that money can buy for your suit. $1.98, please.

D-7758





POPEYE R-12

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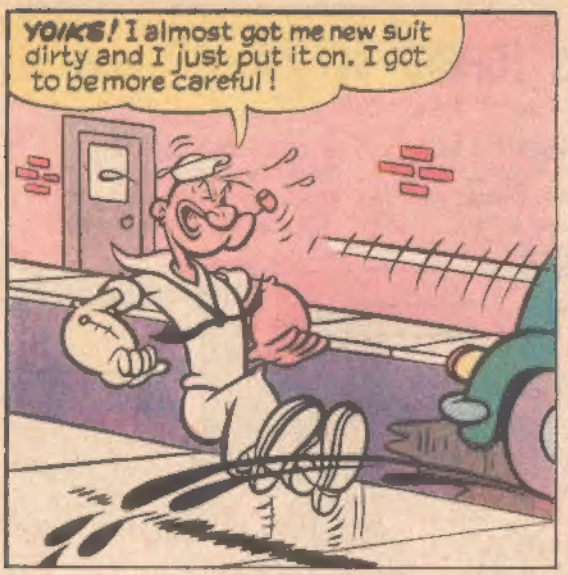
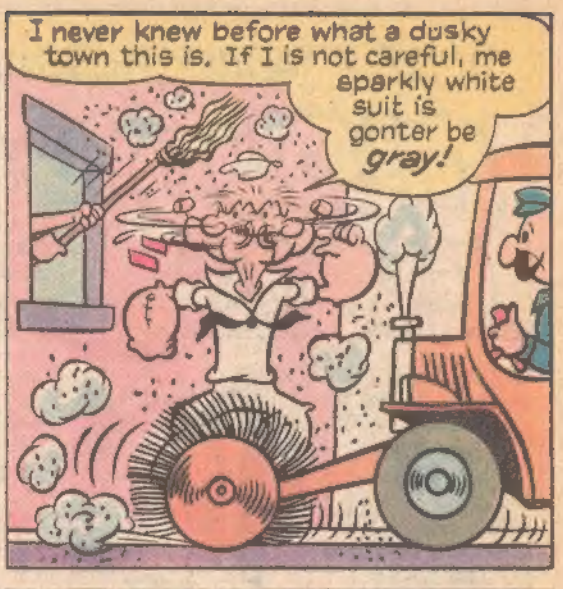
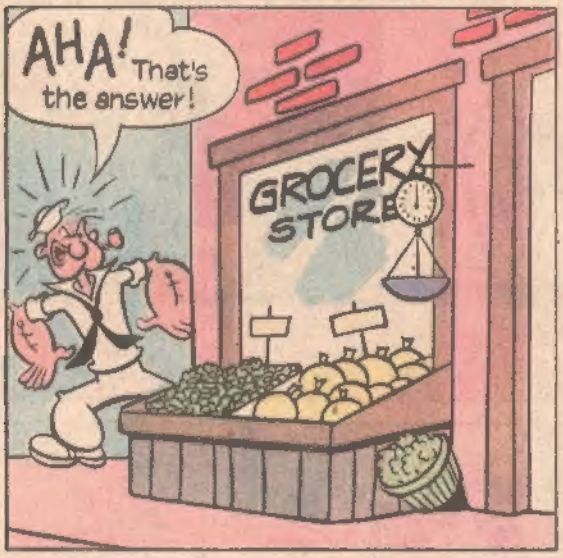
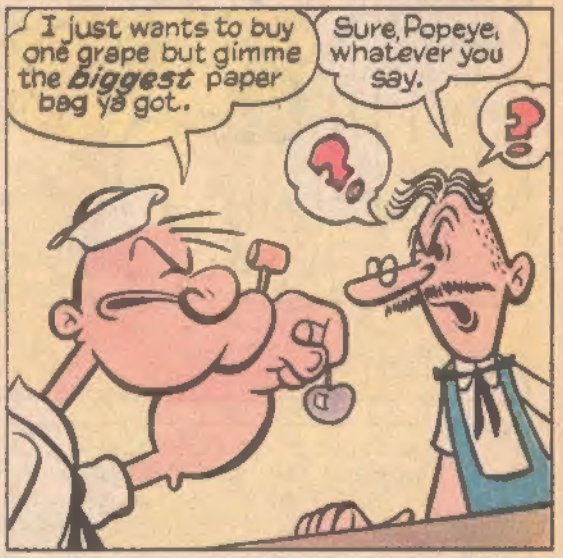
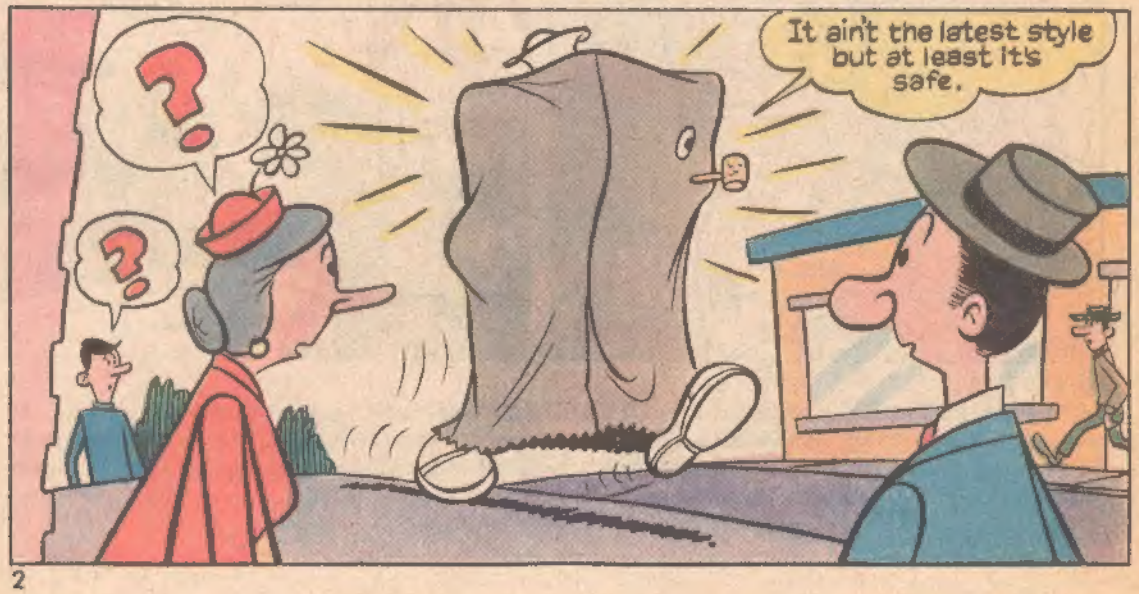
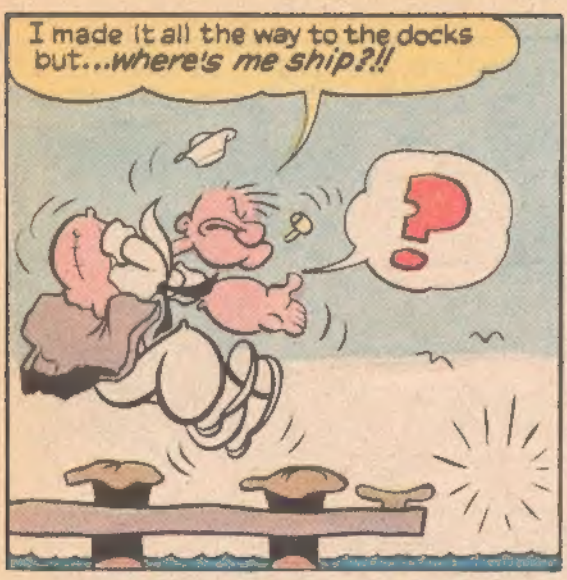

YOIKS! I almost got me new suit dirty and I just put it on. I got to be more careful!


I never knew before what a dusky town this is. If I is not careful, me sparkly white suit is gonter be gray!

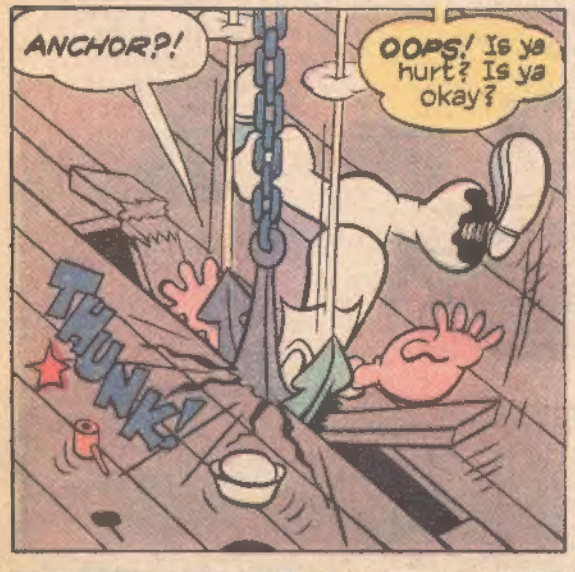

AHA! That's the answer!
GROCERY STORE

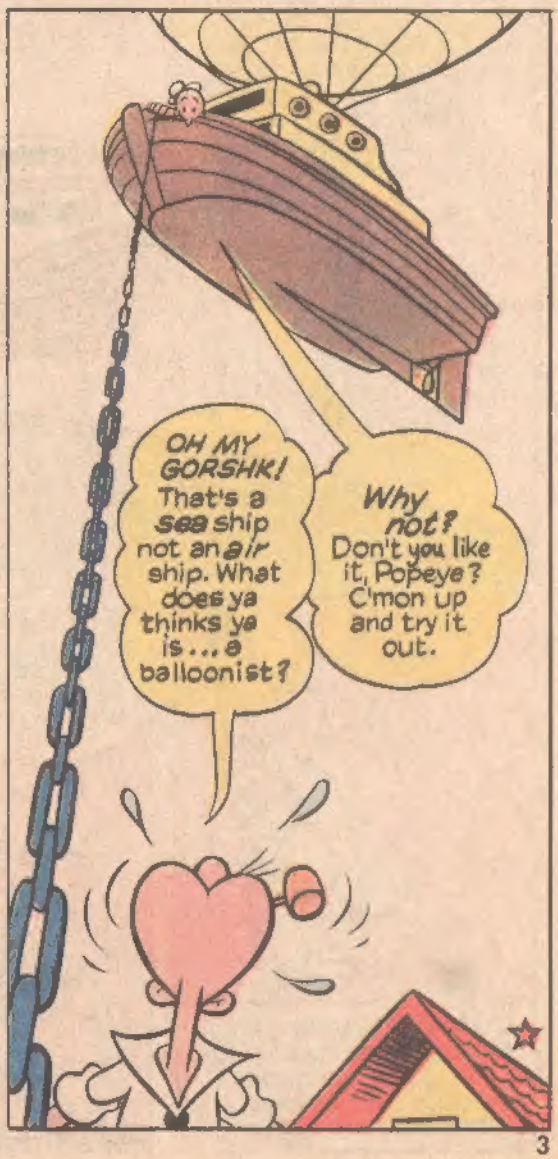

I just wants to buy one grape but gimme the biggest paper bag ya got.
Sure, Popeye, whatever you say.
?
?

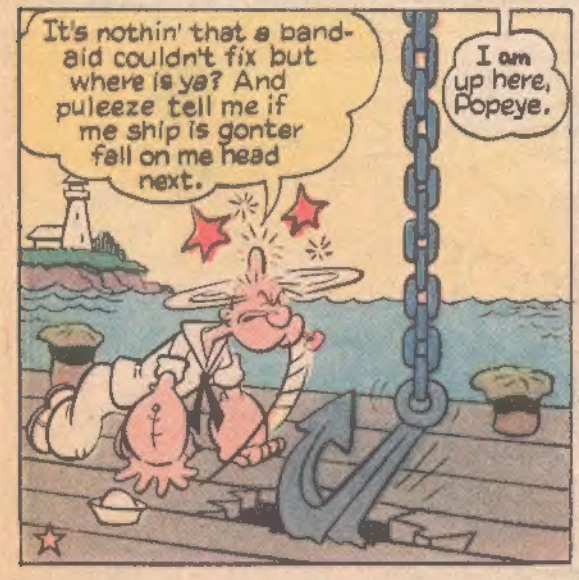

?
?
It ain't the latest style but at least it's safe.


I made it all the way to the docks but...*where's me ship?!!*
?

AHOY! I'm going to drop anchor!
That's Swee'pea's voice but where is he and where's the...

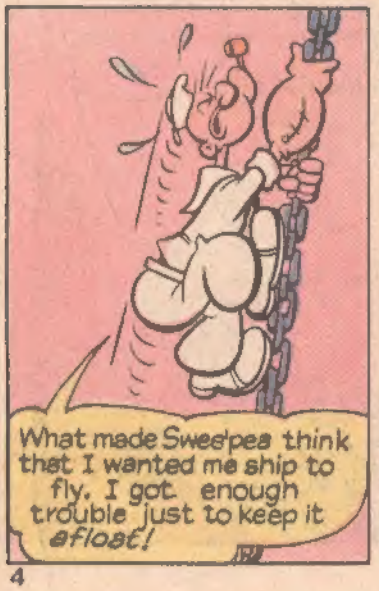

ANCHOR?!
OOPS! Is ya hurt? Is ya okay?
THUNK!

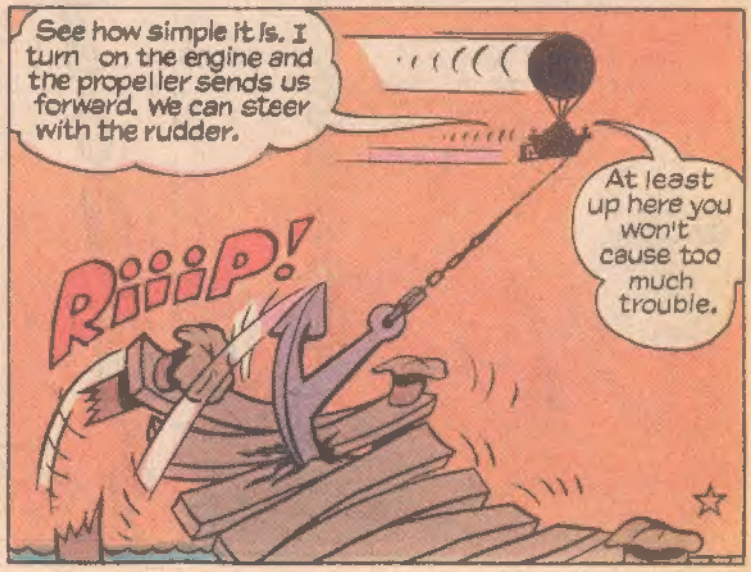

OH MY GORSHK! That's a *sea* ship not an *air* ship. What does ya thinks ya is... a balloonist?
Why not? Don't you like it, Popeye? C'mon up and try it out.

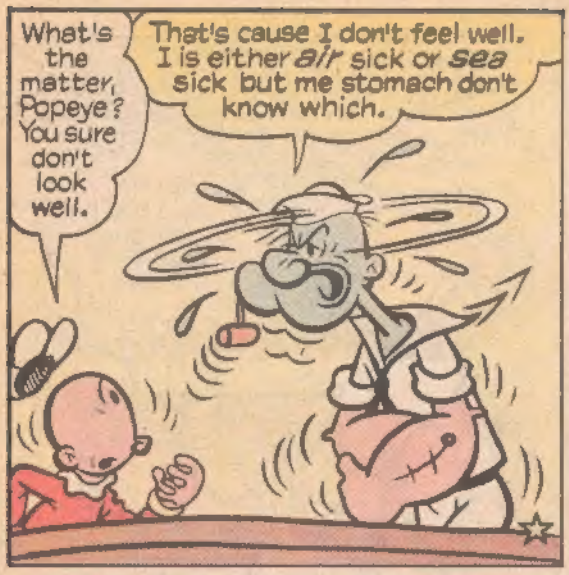

It's nothin' that a band-aid couldn't fix but where is ya? And puleeze tell me if me ship is gonter fall on me head next.
I *am* up here, Popeye.

All ya wuz supposed to do wuz polish the bell, not put a balloon on me boat.

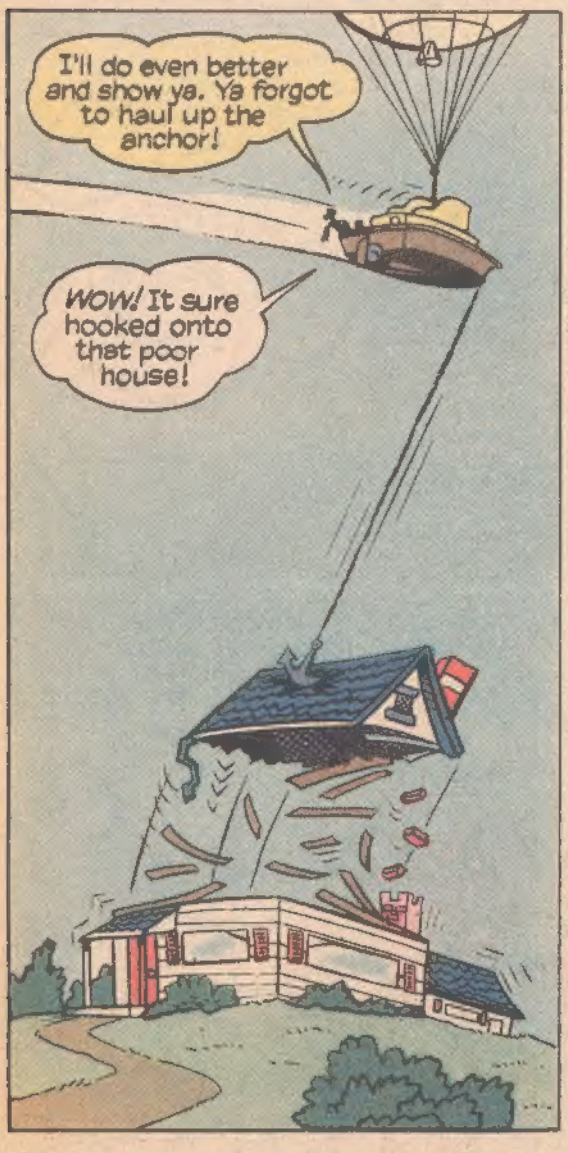
Climb up the anchor chain but be careful. It's greasy and you don't wanta get the new suit oily.





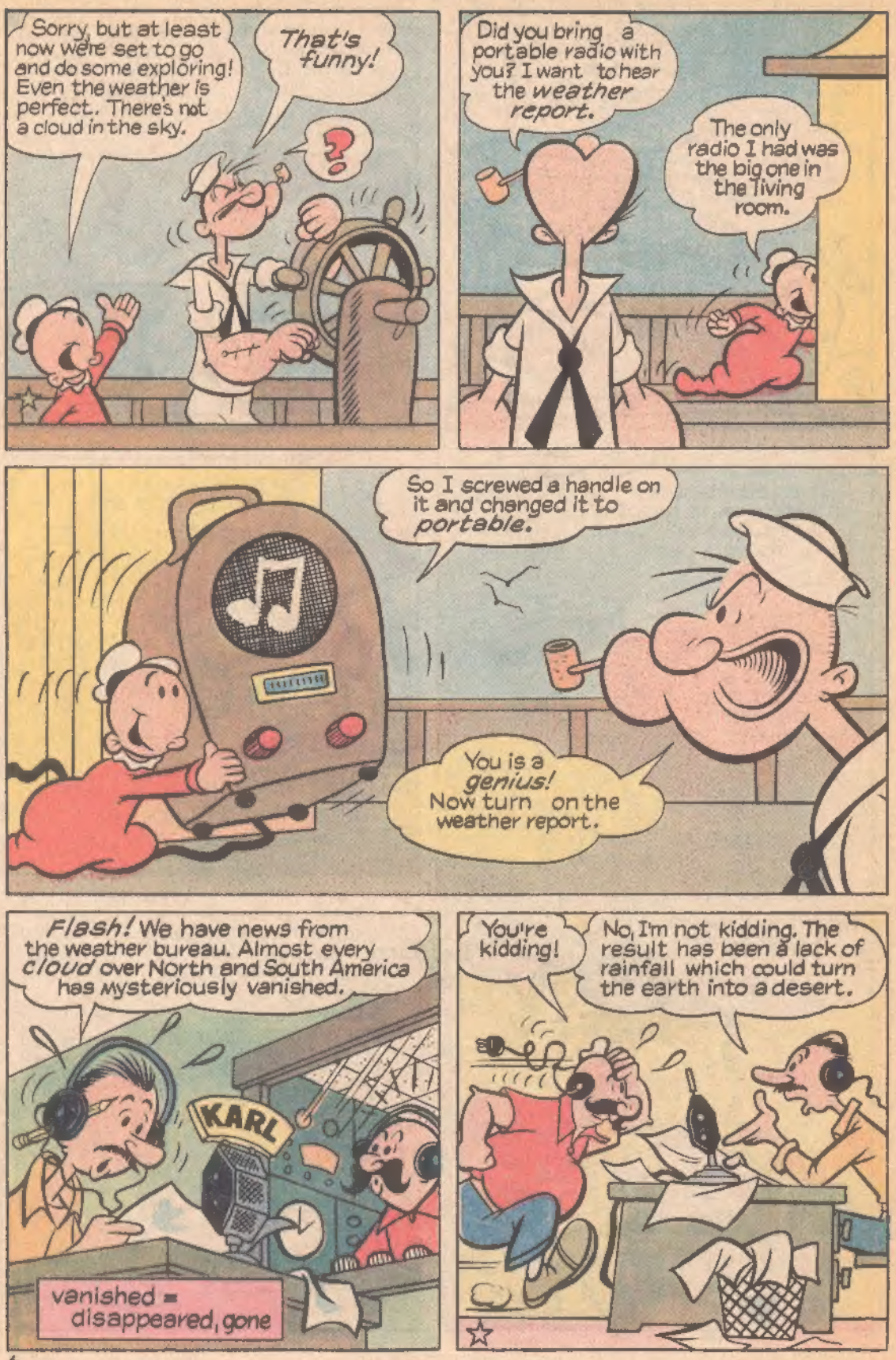

What's the matter, Popeye? You sure don't look well.
That's cause I don't feel well. I is either *air* sick or *sea* sick but me stomach don't know which.

Maybe if I show me stomach where we is, it'll make up its mind.
Y know, I got the weirdest feeling that there was something I forgot to do and you're going to tell me what it is.
OH, NO!
?
?

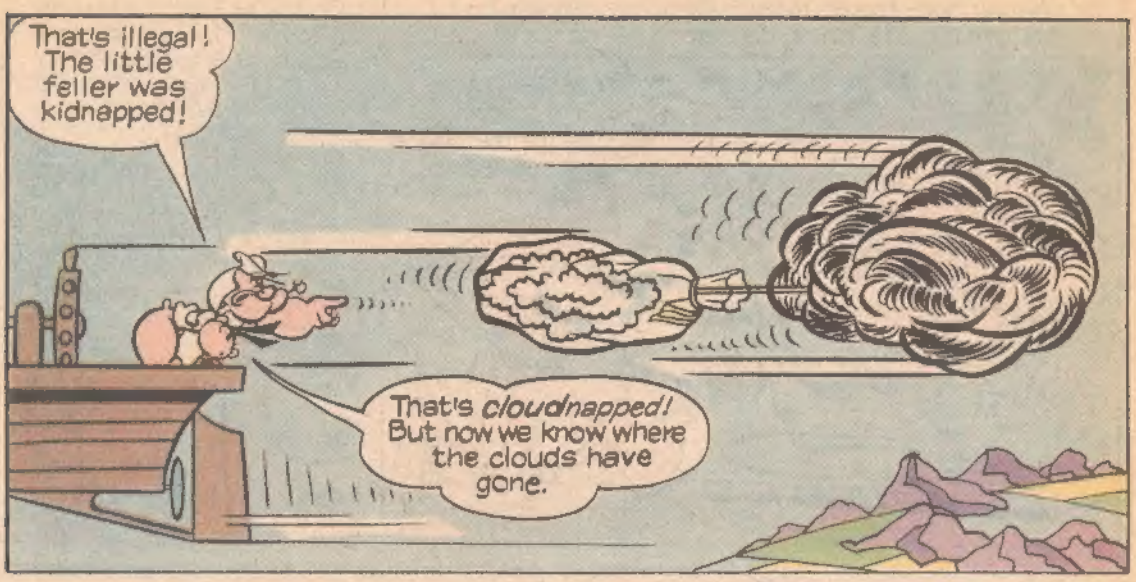

I'll do even better and show ya. Ya forgot to haul up the anchor!
WOW! It sure hooked onto that poor house!

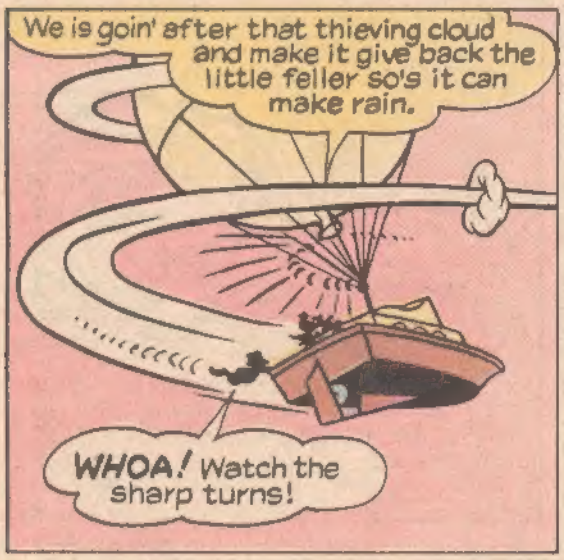
I guess we should land and say we're sorry!
That's okay, Swee'pea. We won't hafta do that.

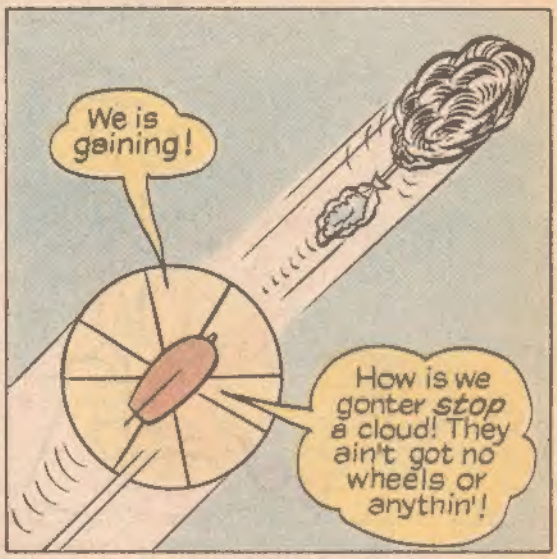
But why? You always taught me that when you've done wrong you should say *"sorry!"* How come I don't have to do it this time?
'Cause that's *our* house!


Sorry, but at least now we're set to go and do some exploring! Even the weather is perfect. There's not a cloud in the sky.
That's funny!
?
Did you bring a portable radio with you? I want to hear the *weather report.*
The only radio I had was the big one in the living room.
So I screwed a handle on it and changed it to *portable.*
You is a *genius!* Now turn on the weather report.
Flash! We have news from the weather bureau. Almost every *cloud* over North and South America has mysteriously vanished.
KARL
vanished = disappeared, gone
You're kidding!
No, I'm not kidding. The result has been a lack of rainfall which could turn the earth into a desert.

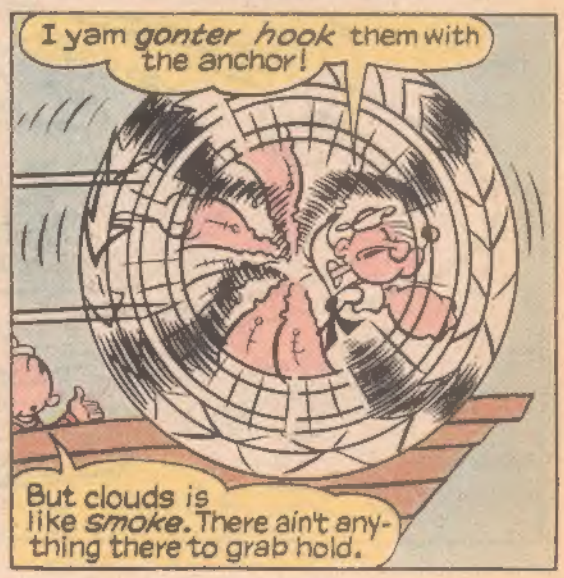
People all over the country have been trying to bring the clouds back, but so far—no luck!
That's my third moccasin. Next time I wear boots!
On the silly side, a number of people have reported seeing a ship floating through the skies, held up by a balloon! HA! HA! HA!
That's not so silly.
All of the clouds aren't gone. There's one.
Right!
There's another cloud and it's moving straight for the little white cloud.
Something funny's going on!
SPLAT!

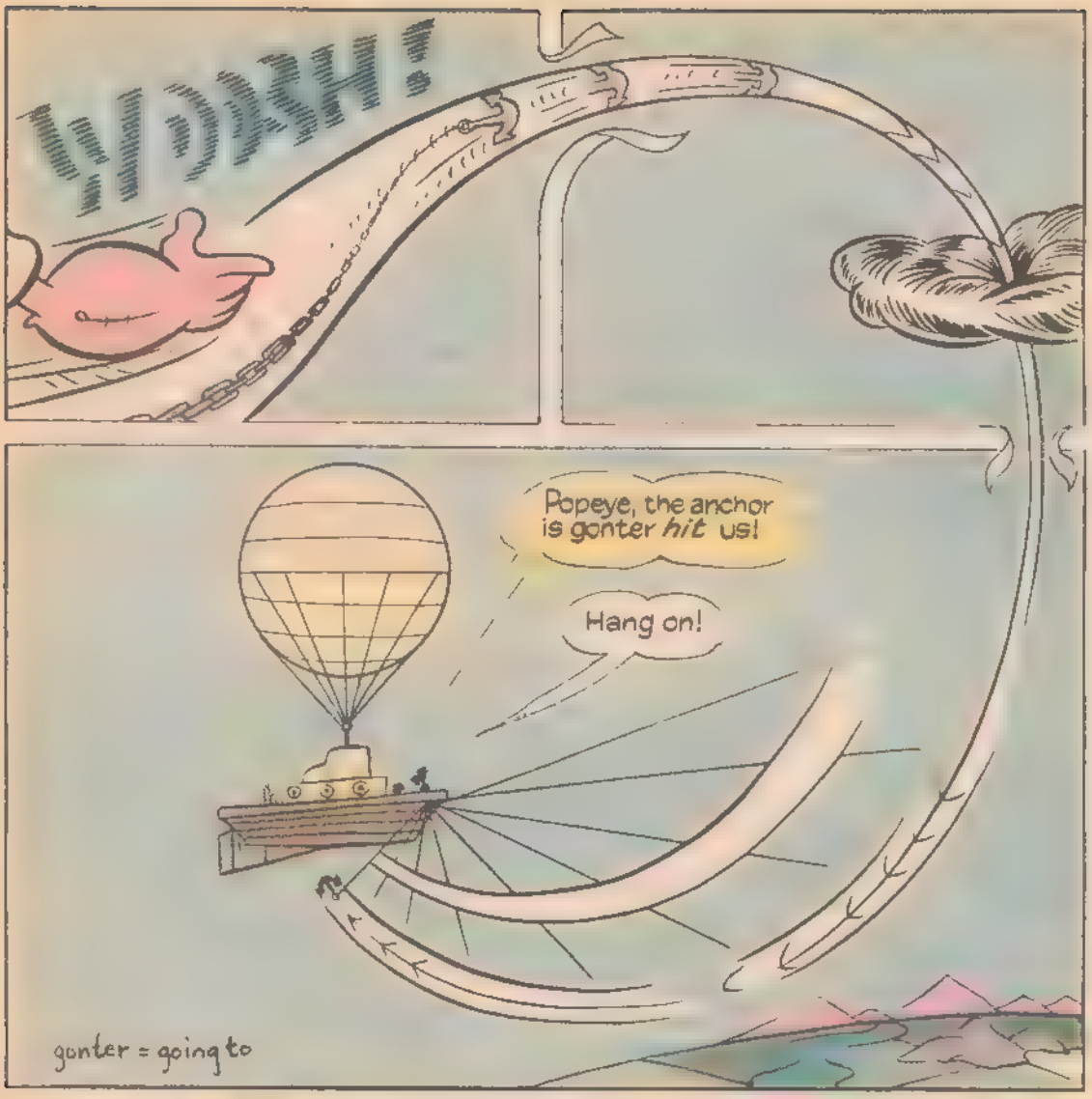

That's illegal! The little feller was kidnapped!
That's *cloudnapped!* But now we know where the clouds have gone.

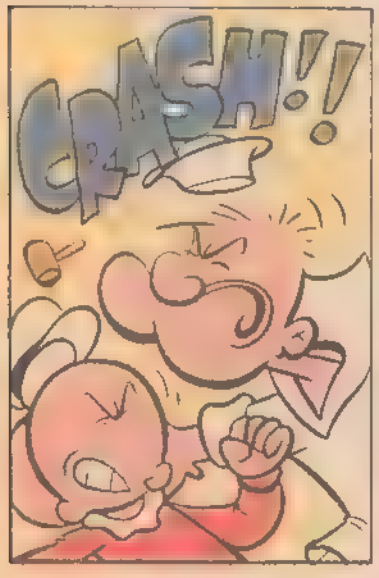

We is goin' after that thieving cloud and make it give back the little feller so's it can make rain.
WHOA! Watch the sharp turns!

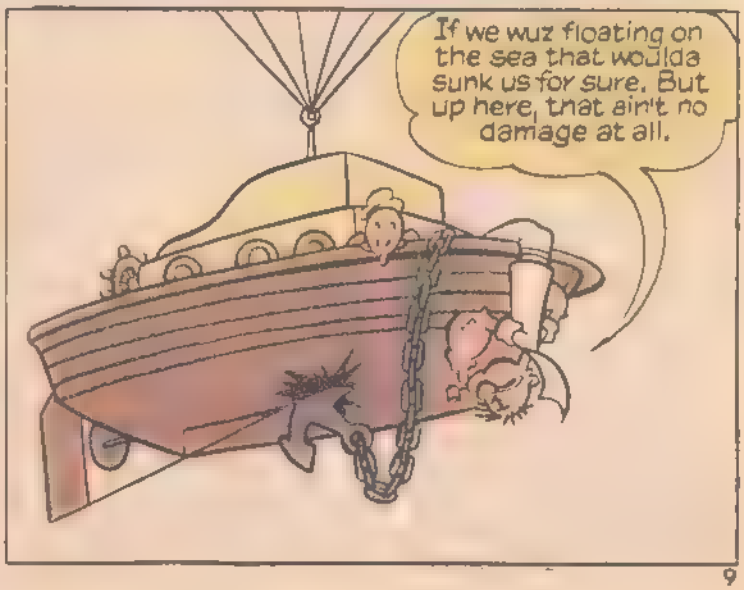

We is gaining!
How is we gonter *stop* a cloud! They ain't got no wheels or anythin'!

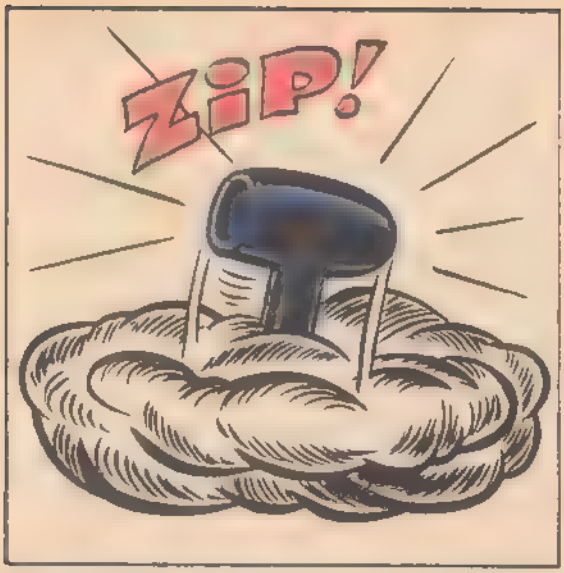
I knows how to stop them.

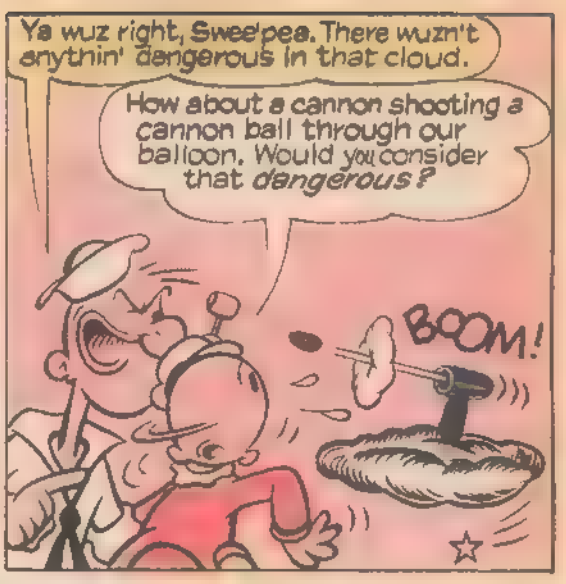

I yam *gonter hook* them with the anchor!
But clouds is like *smoke*. There ain't anything there to grab hold.

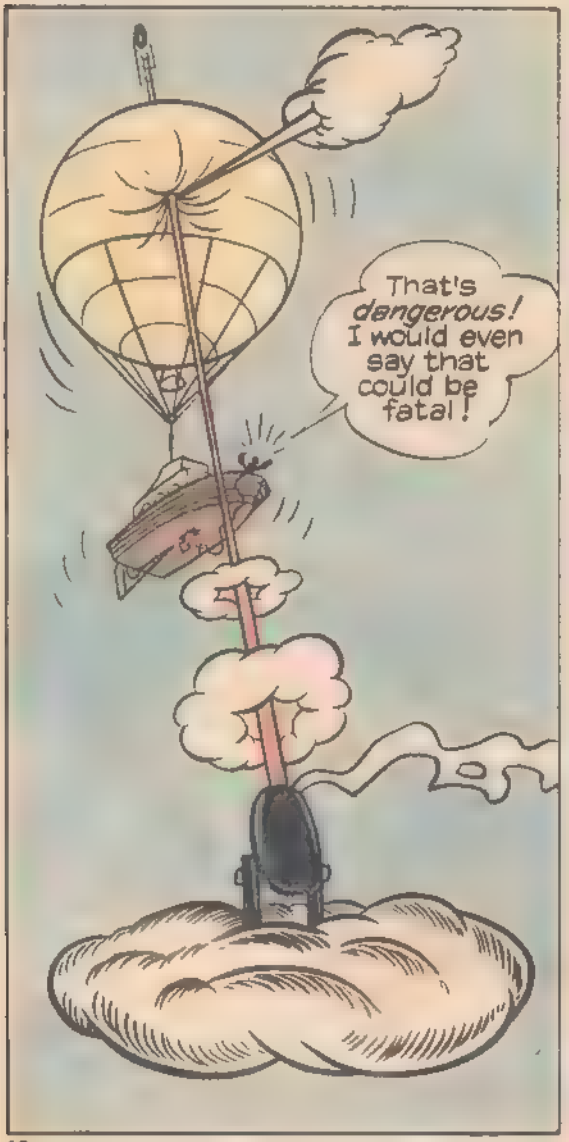

WOOSH!
Popeye, the anchor is gonter *hit* us!
Hang on!
gonter = going to

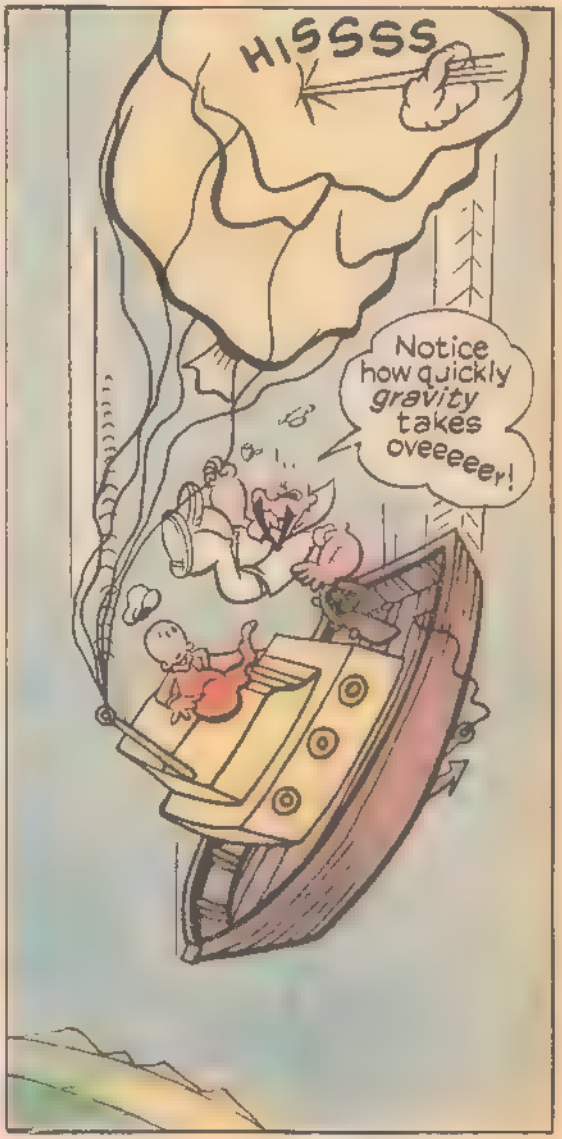

CRASH!!

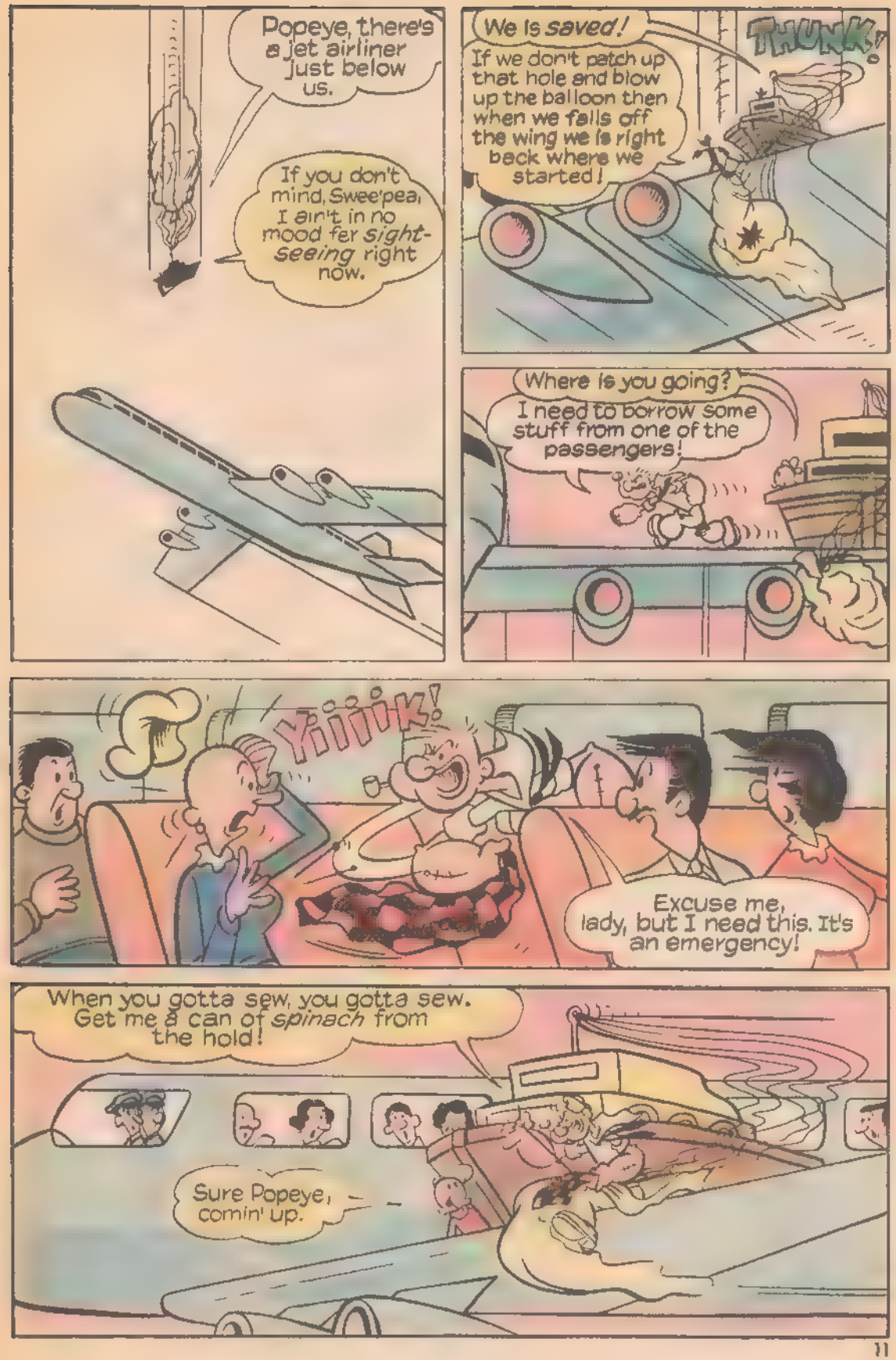

If we wuz floating on the sea that woulda sunk us for sure. But up here, that ain't no damage at all.

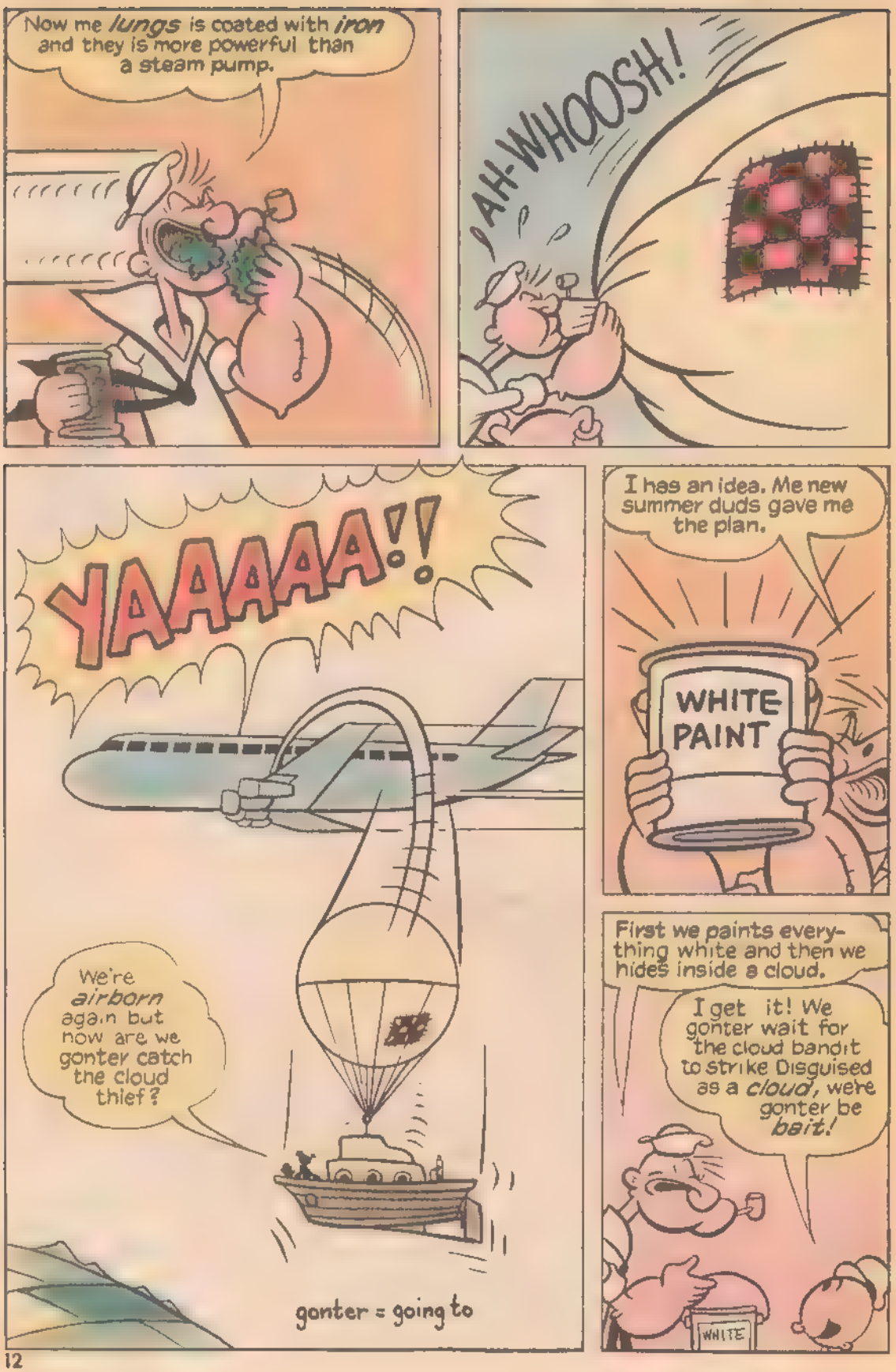

ZIP!

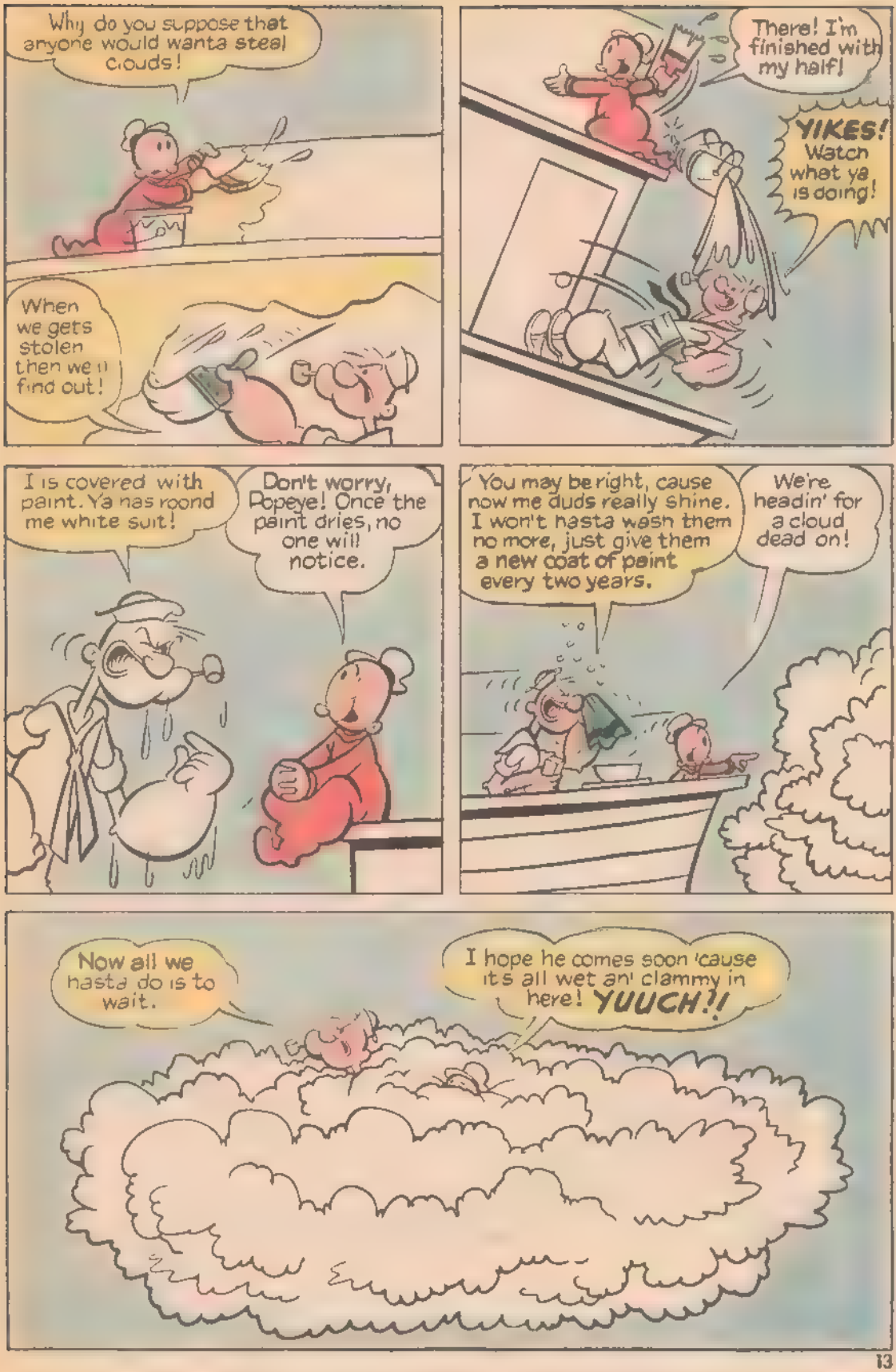

Ya wuz right, Swee'pea. There wuzn't anythin' dangerous in that cloud.
How about a cannon shooting a cannon ball through our balloon. Would you consider that *dangerous?*
BOOM!


That's *dangerous!* I would even say that could be fatal!

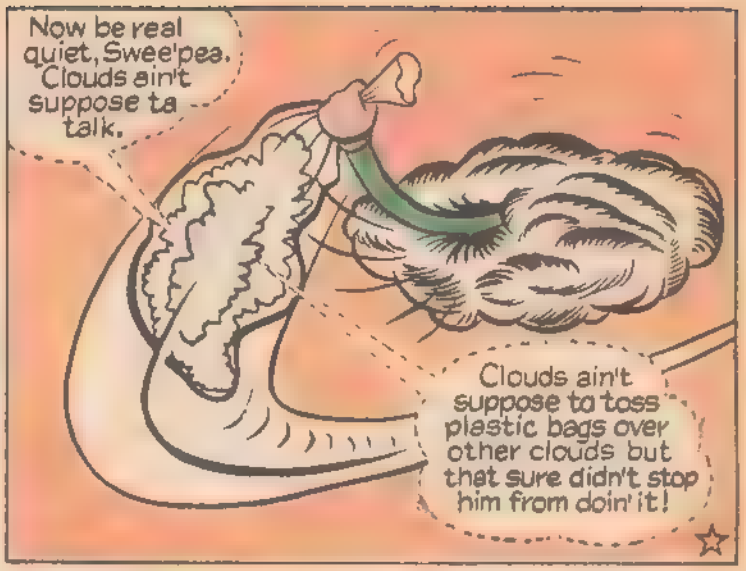

HISSSS
Notice how quickly *gravity* takes oveeeeer!

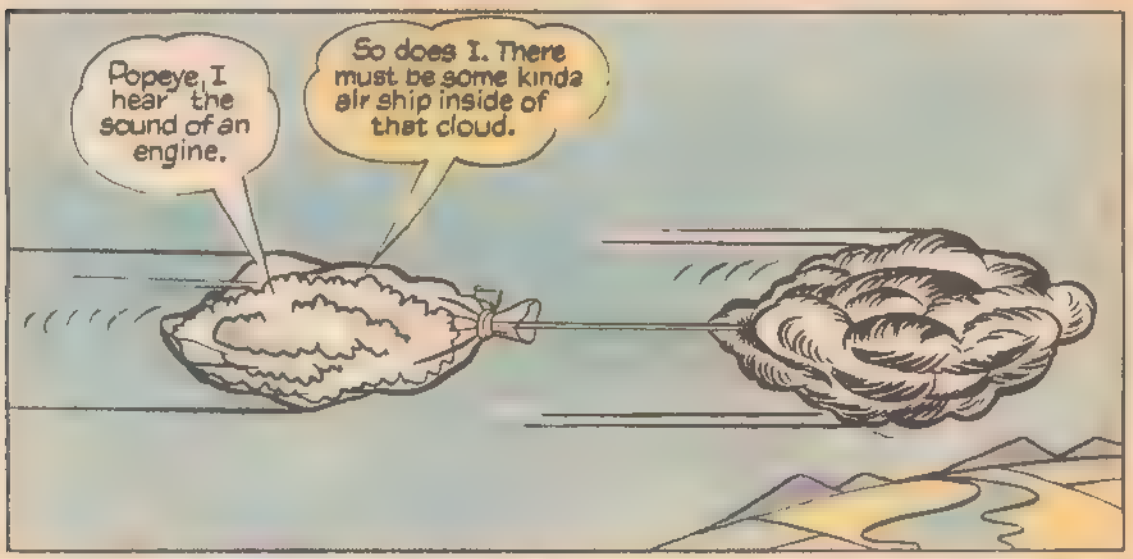

Popeye, there's a jet airliner just below us.
If you don't mind, Swee'pea, I ain't in no mood fer *sight-seeing* right now.
We is *saved!*
If we don't patch up that hole and blow up the balloon then when we falls off the wing we is right back where we started!
THUNK!
Where is you going?
I need to borrow some stuff from one of the passengers!
Yiiiik!
Excuse me, lady, but I need this. It's an emergency!
When you gotta sew, you gotta sew. Get me a can of *spinach* from the hold!
Sure Popeye, comin' up.

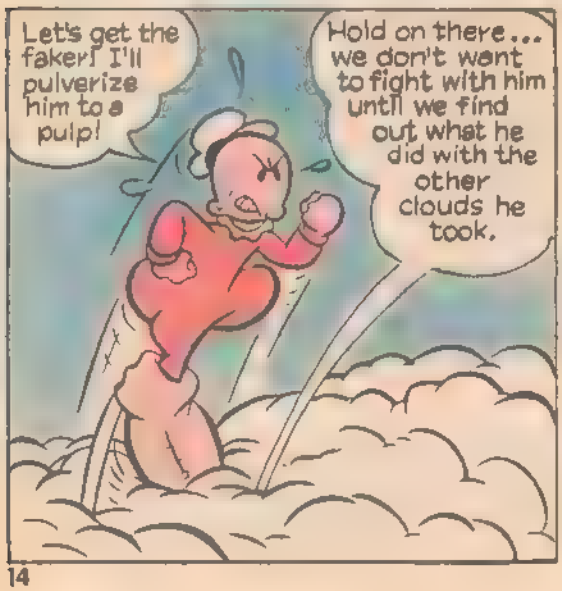

Now me *lungs* is coated with *iron* and they is more powerful than a steam pump.
AH-WHOOSH!
YAAAAAA!!
We're *airborn* again but now are we gonter catch the cloud thief?
gonter = going to
I has an idea. Me new summer duds gave me the plan.
WHITE PAINT
First we paints everything white and then we hides inside a cloud.
I get it! We gonter wait for the cloud bandit to strike Disguised as a *cloud*, we're gonter be *bait!*
WHITE


Why do you suppose that anyone would wanta steal clouds!
When we gets stolen then we'll find out!
There! I'm finished with my half!
YIKES! Watch what ya is doing!
I is covered with paint. Ya has roond me white suit!
Don't worry, Popeye! Once the paint dries, no one will notice.
You may be right, cause now me duds really shine. I won't hasta wash them no more, just give them a new coat of paint every two years.
We're headin' for a cloud dead on!
Now all we hasta do is to wait.
I hope he comes soon 'cause it's all wet an' clammy in here! YUUCH!!

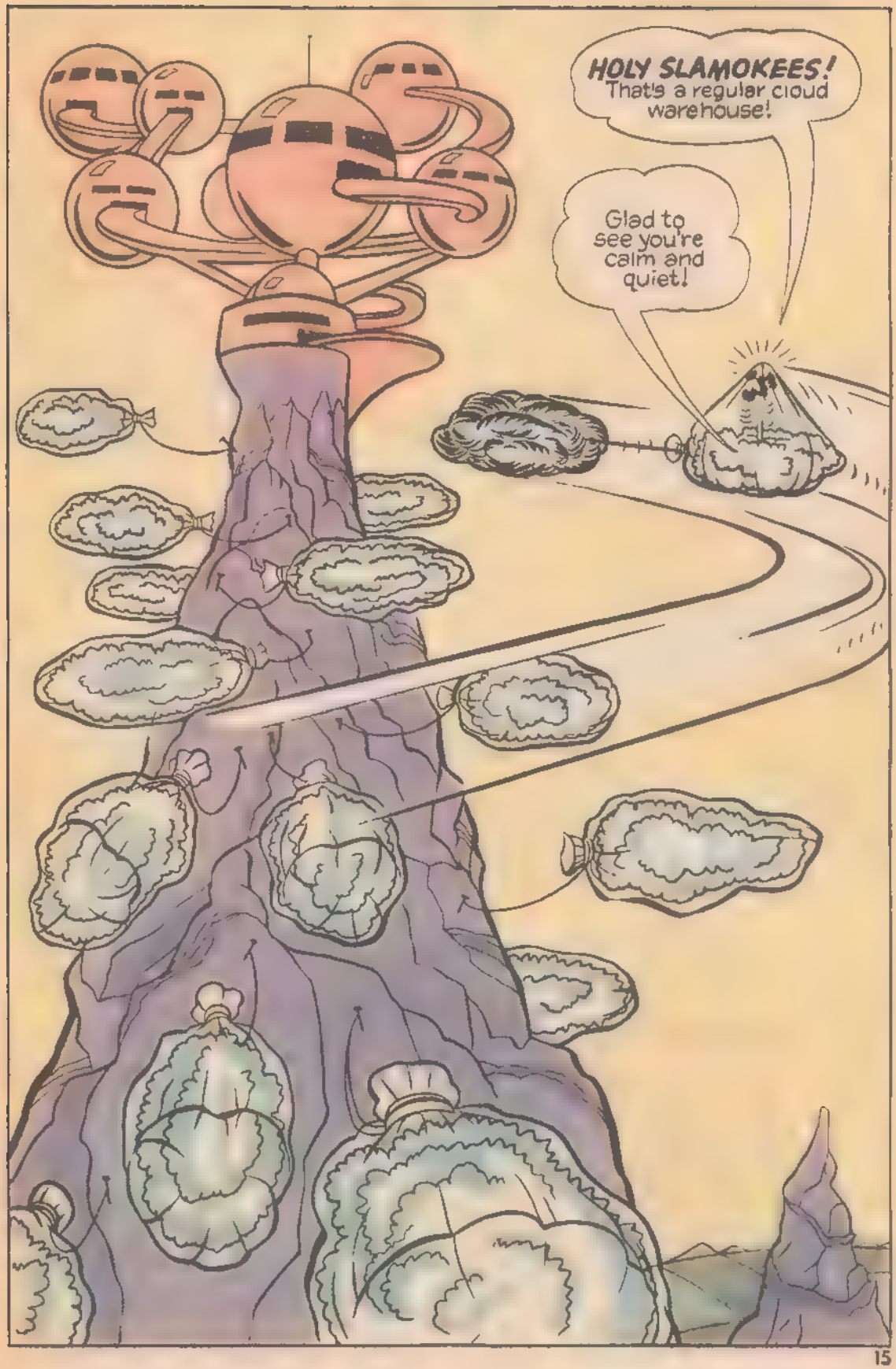
Yer in luck! Here comes the dark grey cloud!

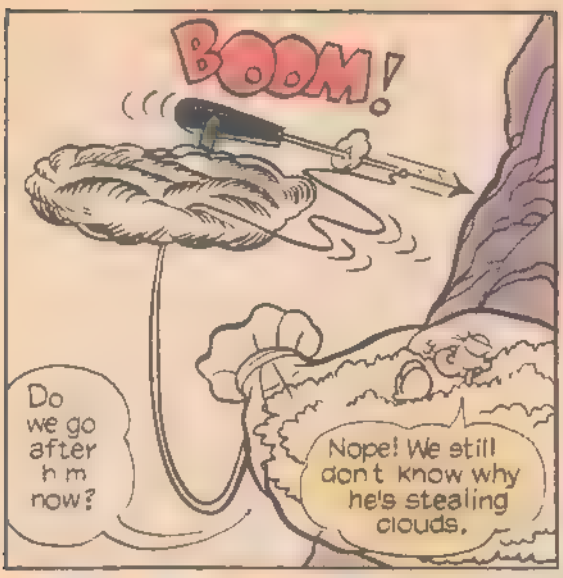

Now be real quiet, Swee'pea. Clouds ain't suppose ta talk.
Clouds ain't suppose to toss plastic bags over other clouds but that sure didn't stop him from doin' it!

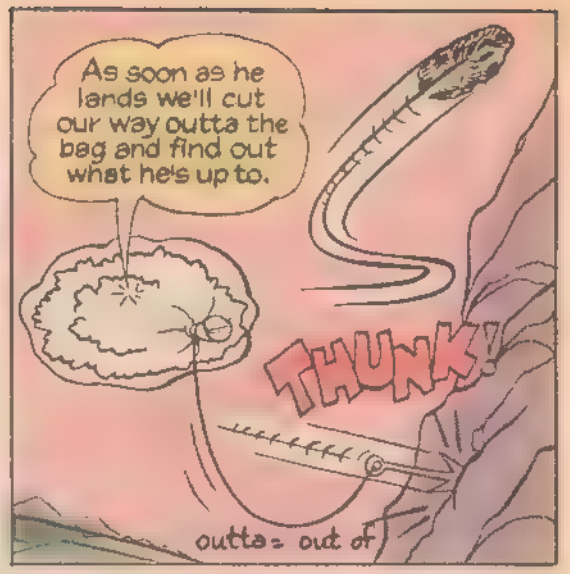

Popeye, I hear the sound of an engine.
So does I. There must be some kinda air ship inside of that cloud.


Let's get the faker! I'll pulverize him to a pulp!
Hold on there... we don't want to fight with him until we find out what he did with the other clouds he took.

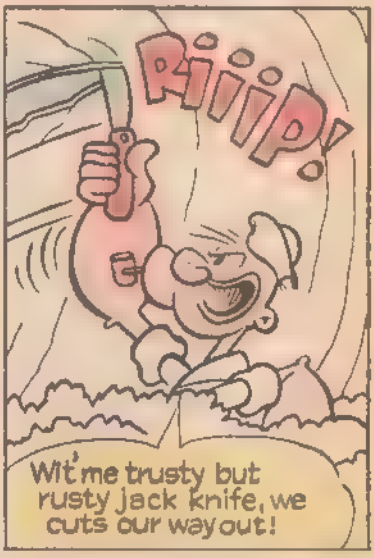
Sorry. I guess I got too excited.
That's okay. After all you is just a kid. You ain't learned to be calm like me yet!

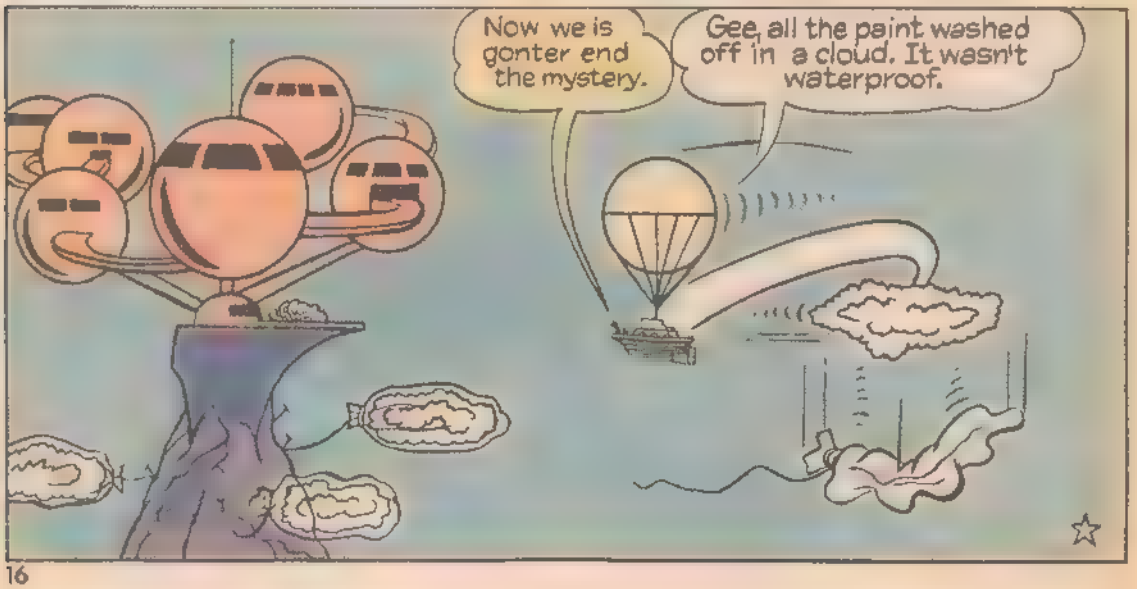

HOLY SLAMOKEES! That's a regular cloud warehouse!
Glad to see you're calm and quiet!

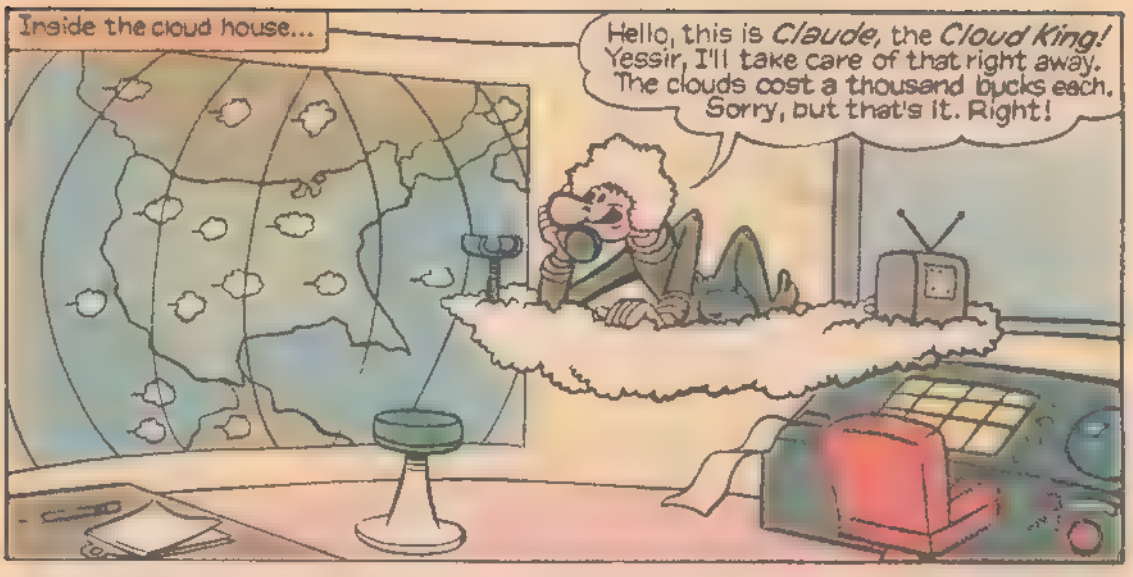

BOOM!
Do we go after h m now?
Nope! We still don't know why he's stealing clouds.

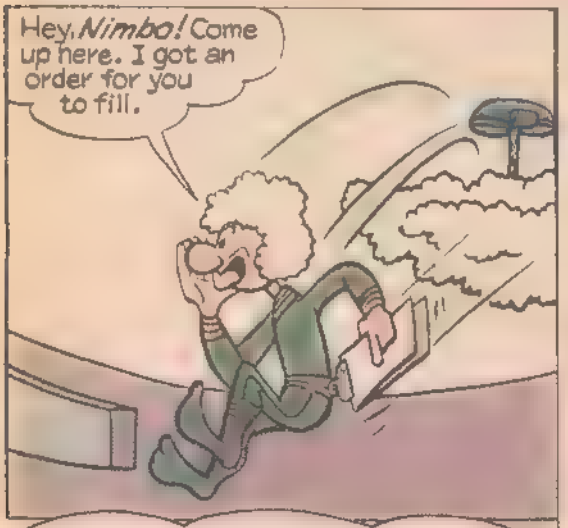

As soon as he lands we'll cut our way outta the bag and find out what he's up to.
THUNK!
outta = out of

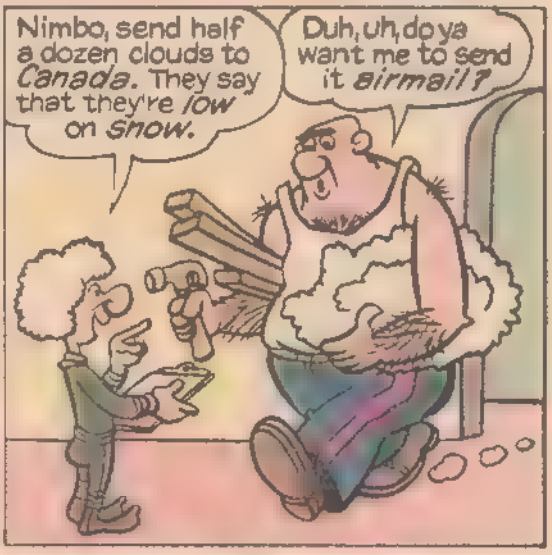
He's landed, which means out we come.
At last! Besides being cold and clammy, it's also getting hard to breathe in here.

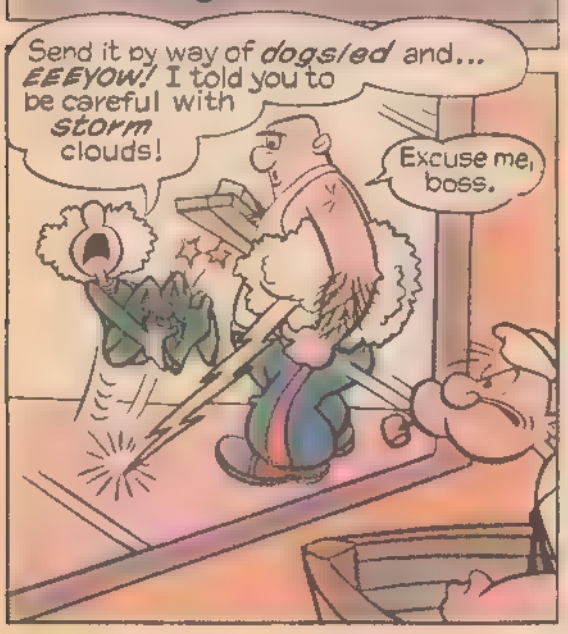

RIIIP!
Wit' me trusty but rusty jack knife, we cuts our way out!

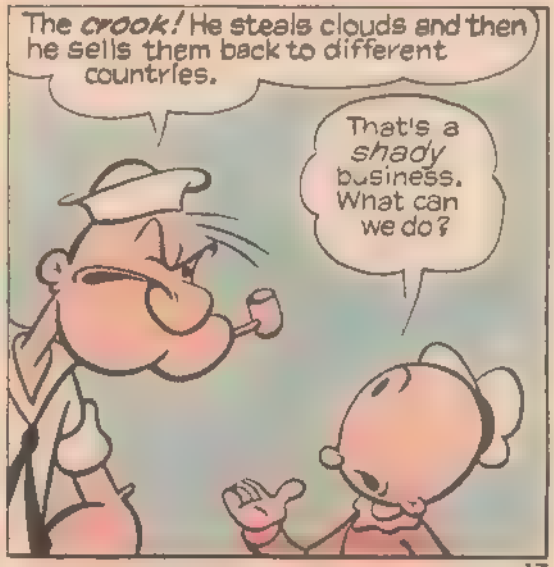

Now we is gonter end the mystery.
Gee, all the paint washed off in a cloud. It wasn't waterproof.

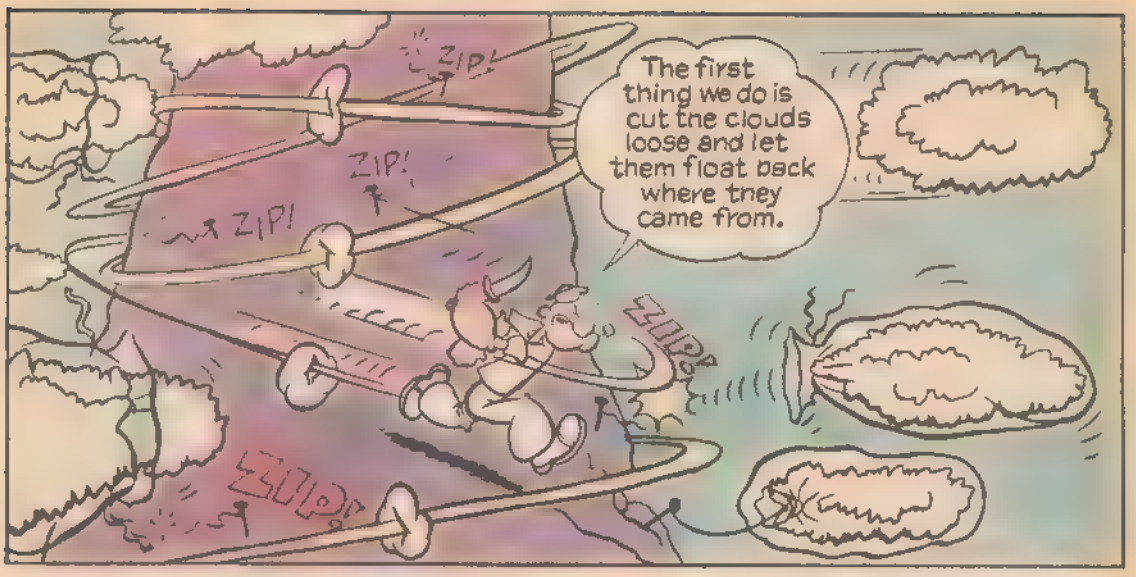

Inside the cloud house...
Hello, this is *Claude*, the *Cloud King!* Yessir, I'll take care of that right away. The clouds cost a thousand bucks each. Sorry, but that's it. Right!

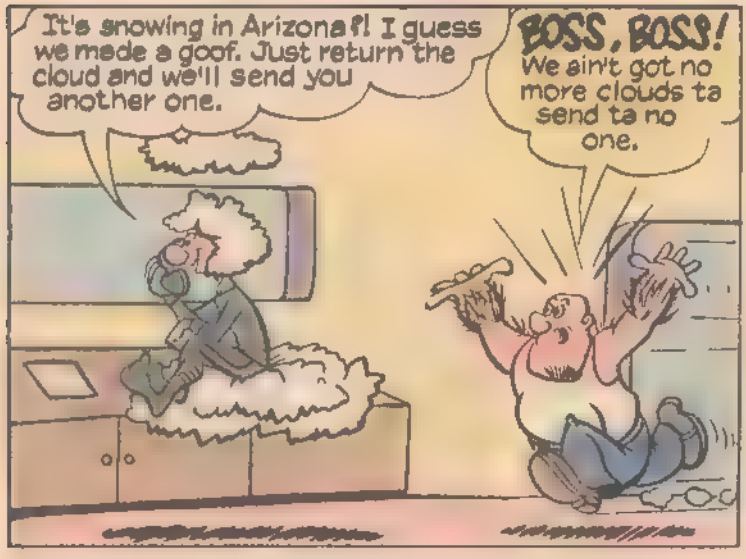

Hey, *Nimbo!* Come up here. I got an order for you to fill.

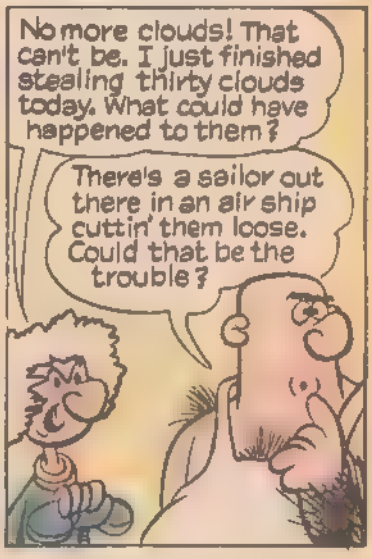

Nimbo, send half a dozen clouds to *Canada*. They say that they're *low* on *snow*.
Duh, uh, do ya want me to send it *airmail?*

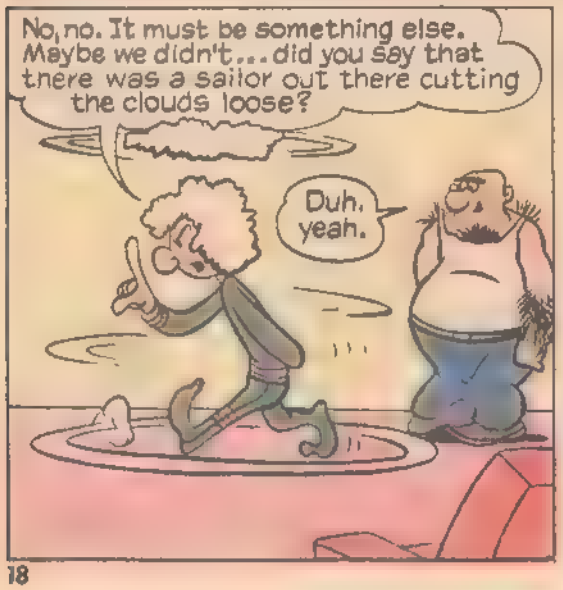

Send it by way of *dogsled* and... *EEEYOW!* I told you to be careful with *storm* clouds!
Excuse me, boss.

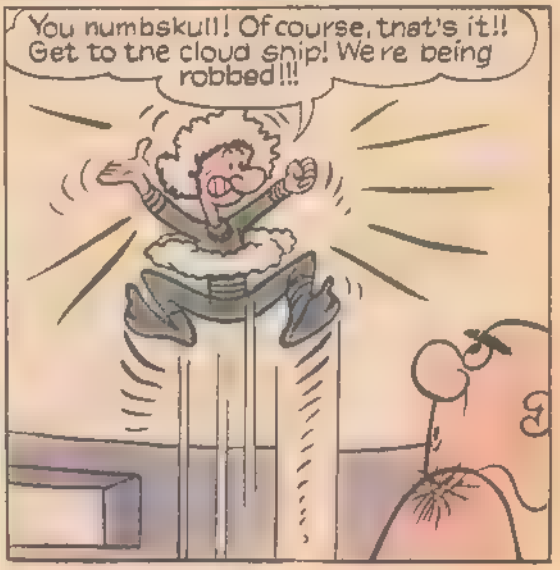

The *crook!* He steals clouds and then he sells them back to different countries.
That's a *shady* business. What can we do?


ZIP!
ZIP!
ZIP!
ZIP!
ZIP!
The first thing we do is cut the clouds loose and let them float back where they came from.

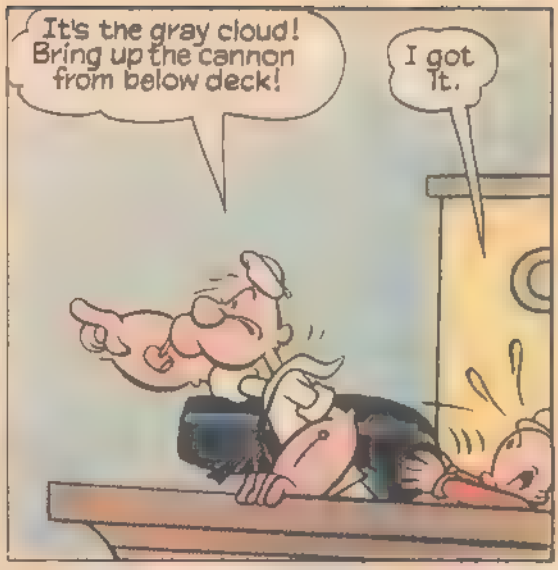

It's snowing in Arizona?! I guess we made a goof. Just return the cloud and we'll send you another one.
BOSS, BOSS! We ain't got no more clouds ta send ta no one.

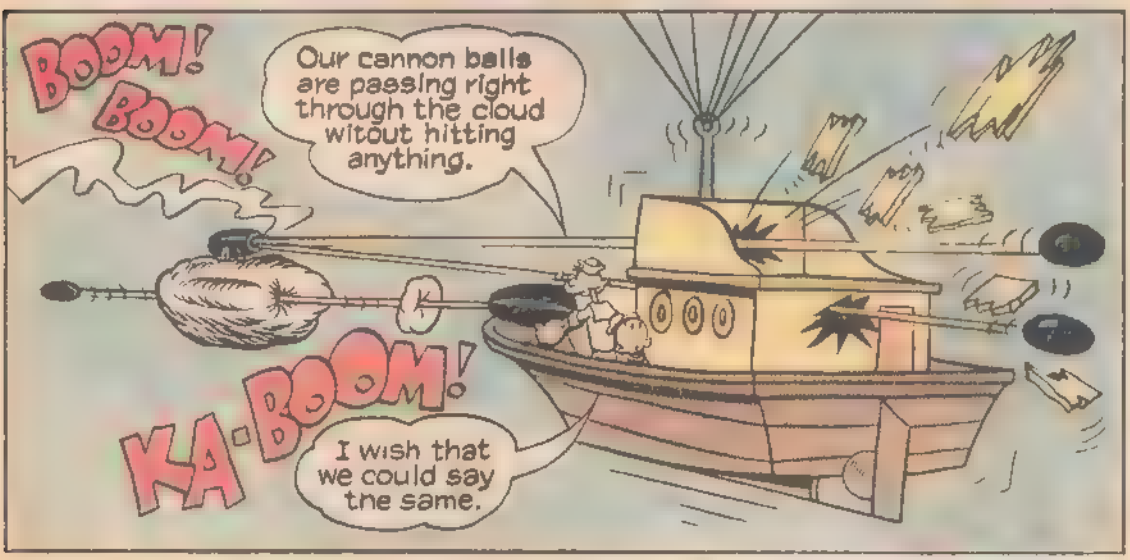

No more clouds! That can't be. I just finished stealing thirty clouds today. What could have happened to them?
There's a sailor out there in an air ship cuttin' them loose. Could that be the trouble?

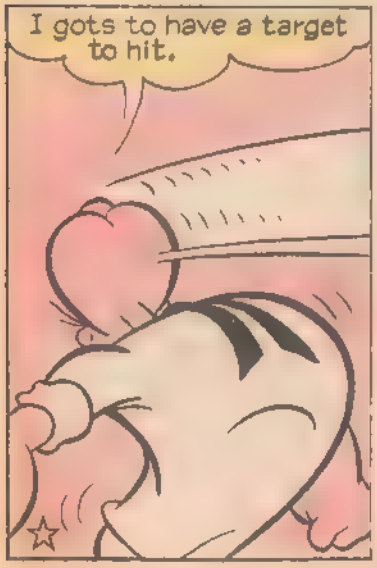

No, no. It must be something else. Maybe we didn't... did you say that there was a sailor out there cutting the clouds loose?
Duh, yeah.

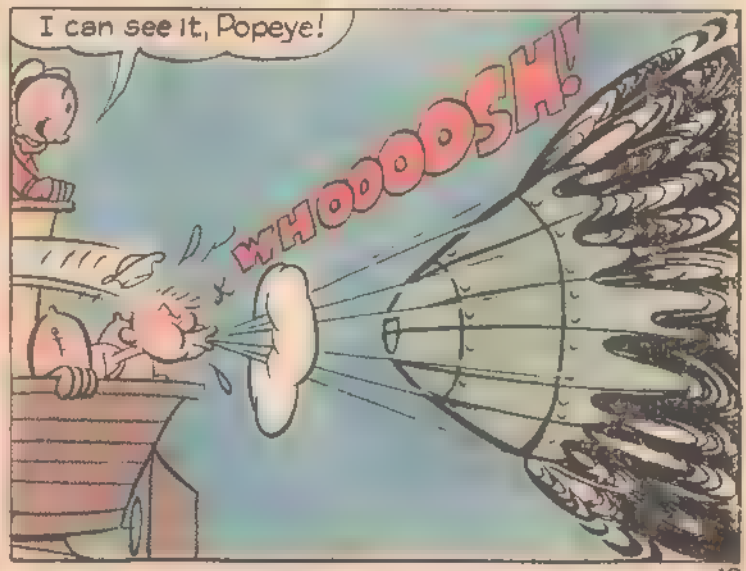

You numbskull! Of course, that's it!! Get to the cloud ship! We're being robbed!!!

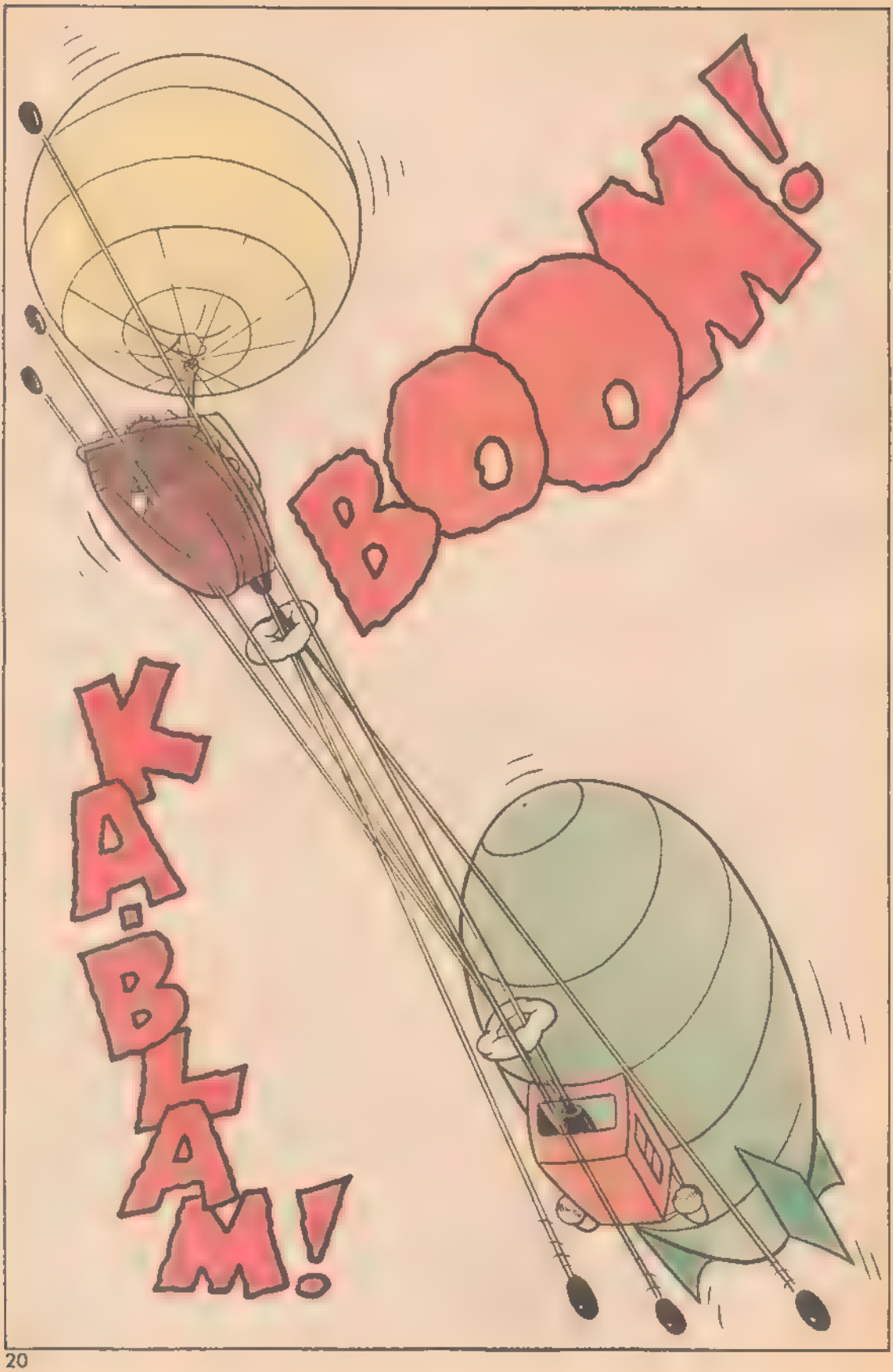
That's the last cloud.
No it ain't! Here comes one more and it looks mean!
ZIP!


It's the gray cloud! Bring up the cannon from below deck!
I got it.

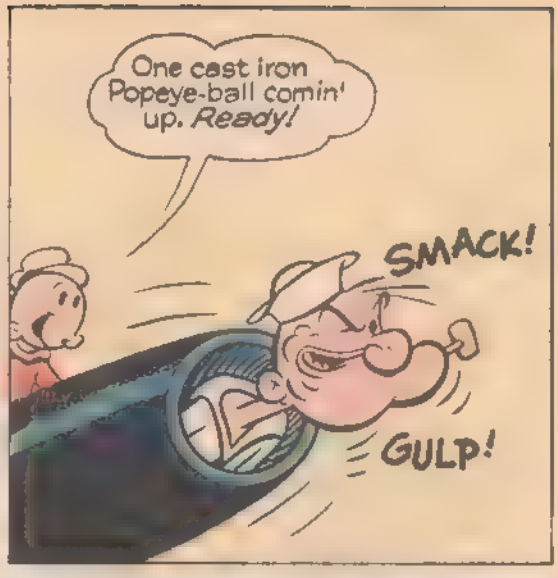

BOOM!
BOOM!
Our cannon balls are passing right through the cloud witout hitting anything.
KA-BOOM!
I wish that we could say the same.

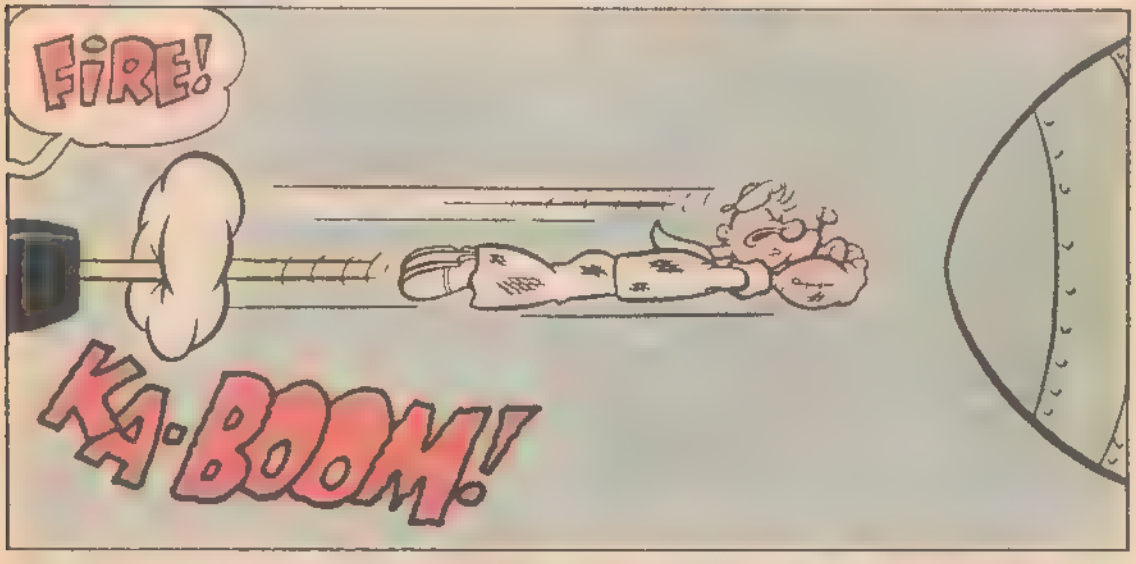

I gots to have a target to hit.

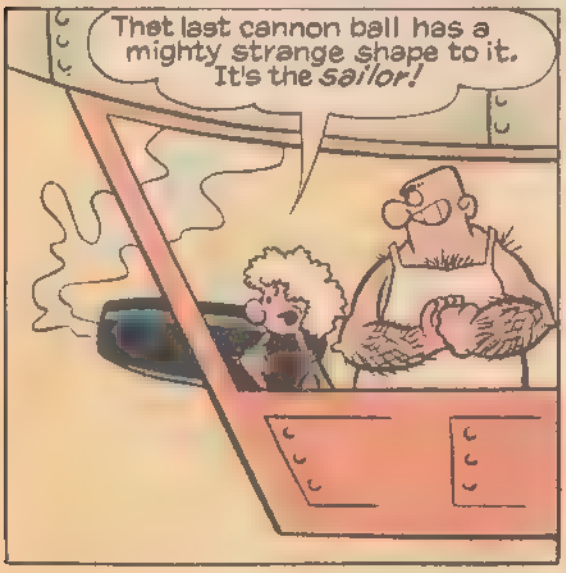

I can see it, Popeye!
WHOOOOOSH!

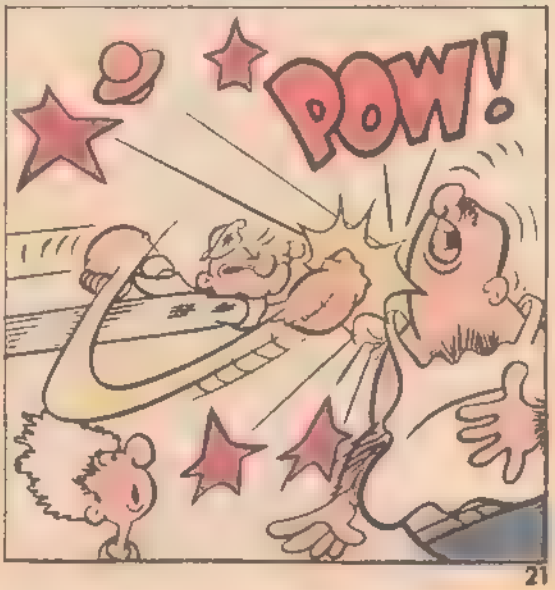

BOOM!
KA-BLAM!

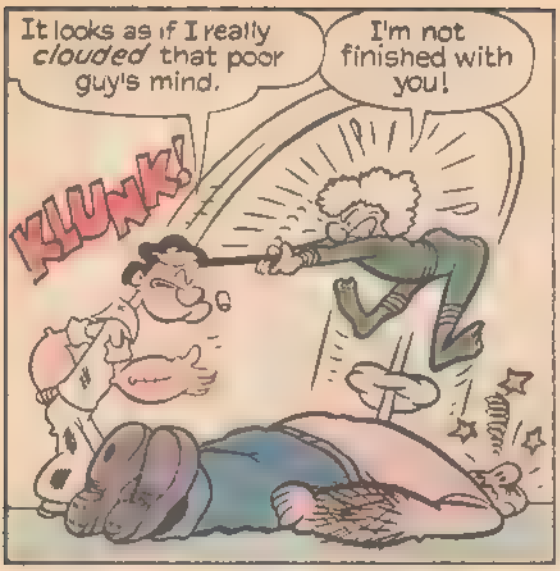
We has got no more *cannon balls!*
We has got one more... cannon ball: *Popeye!*

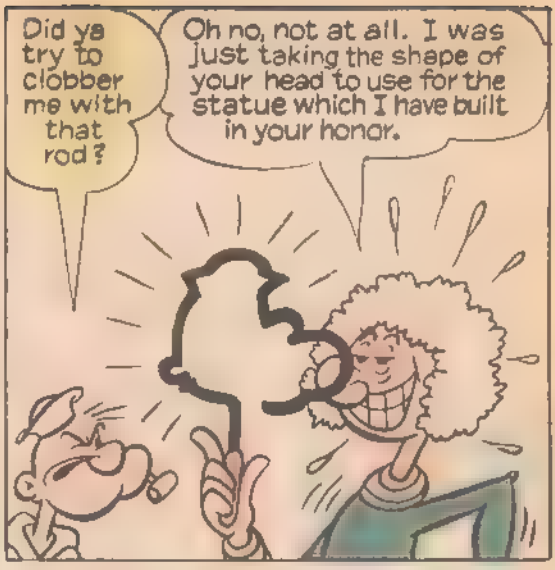

One cast iron Popeye-ball comin' up. *Ready!*
SMACK!
GULP!

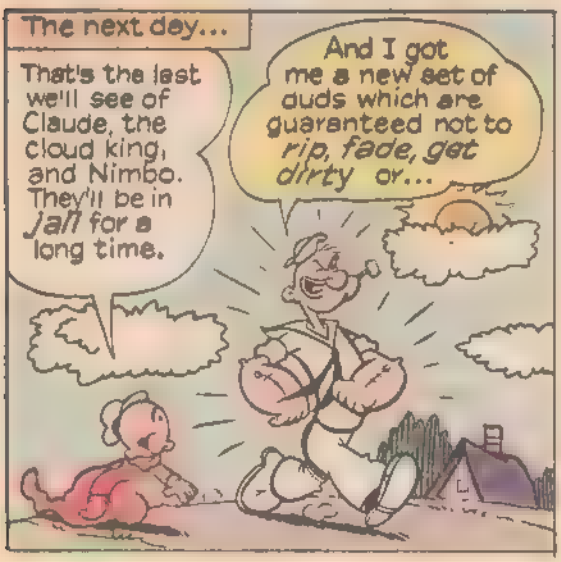

FIRE!
KA-BOOM!

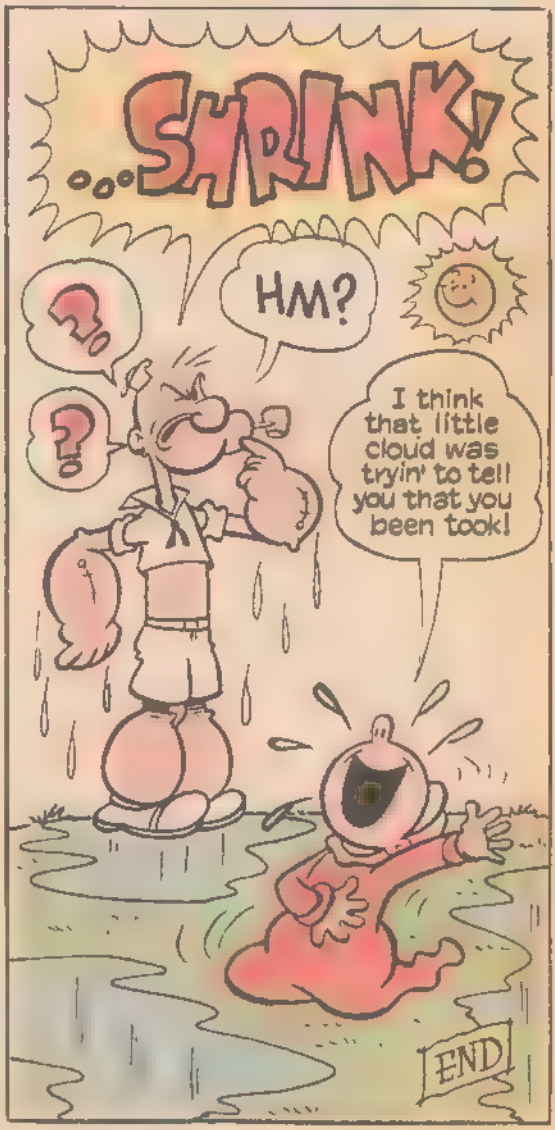

That last cannon ball has a mighty strange shape to it. It's the *sailor!*


POW!


It looks as if I really *clouded* that poor guy's mind.
I'm not finished with you!
KLUNK!

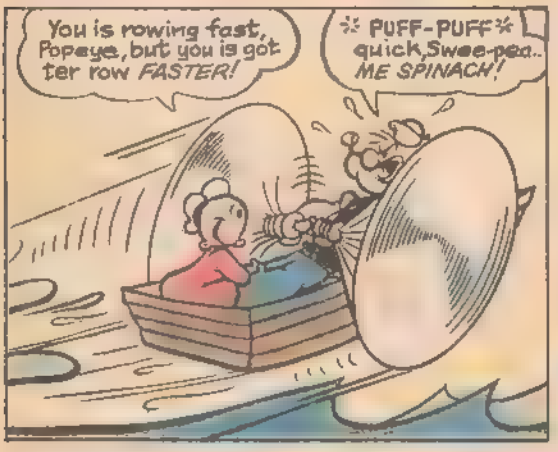

Did ya try to clobber me with that rod?
Oh no, not at all. I was just taking the shape of your head to use for the statue which I have built in your honor.

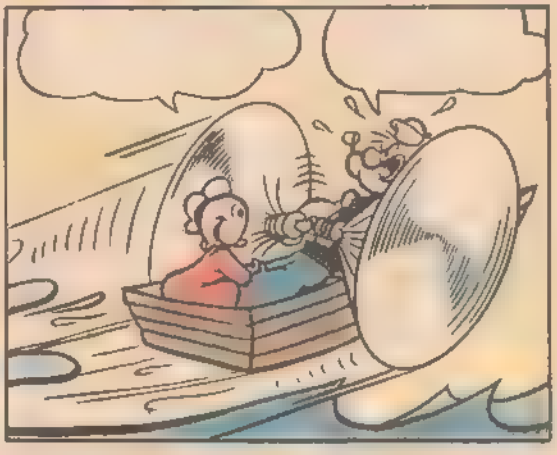

The next day...
That's the last we'll see of Claude, the cloud king, and Nimbo. They'll be in *jail* for a long time.
And I got me a new set of duds which are guaranteed not to *rip, fade, get dirty* or...

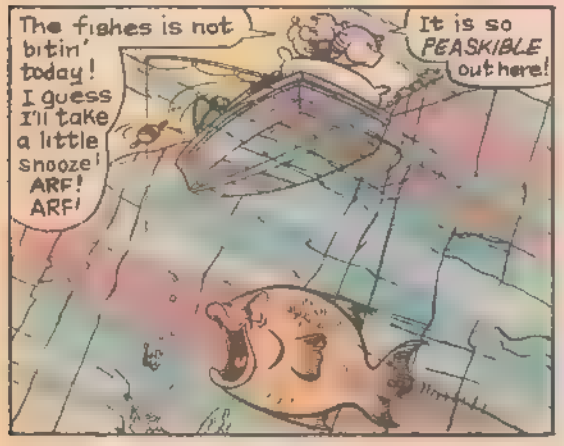

...SHRINK!
HM?
I think that little cloud was tryin' to tell you that you been took!
END

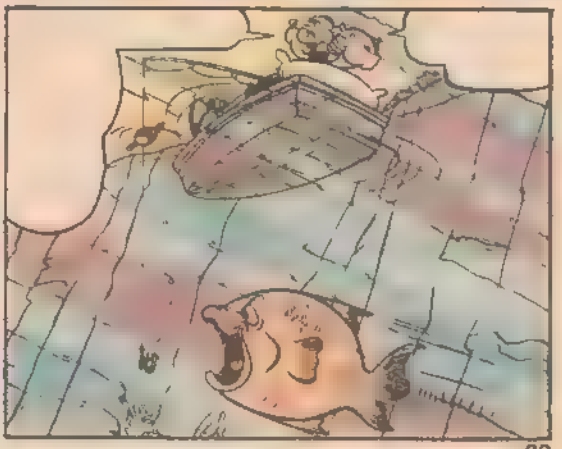
Popeye and his friends would never pass English in school. See if you can help them by filling in the correct words in the blank balloons on another sheet of paper.

Find the answers on page 32.









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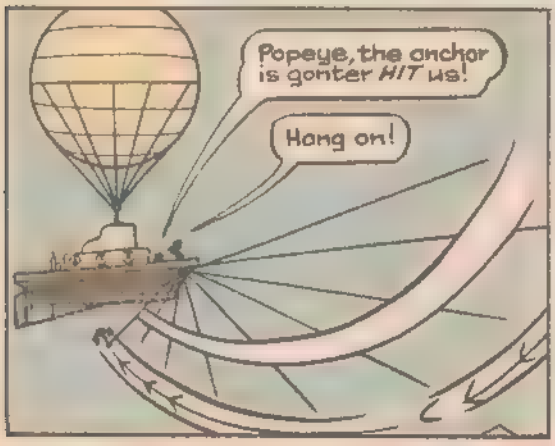
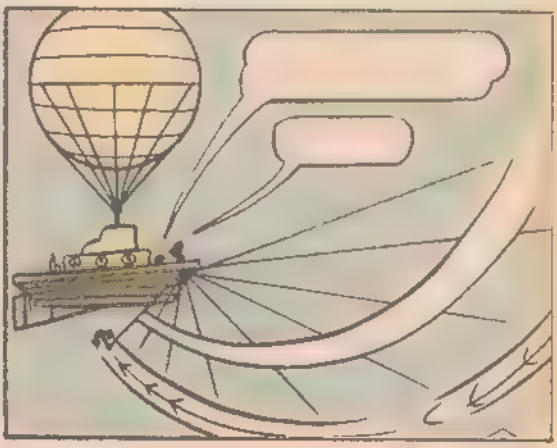
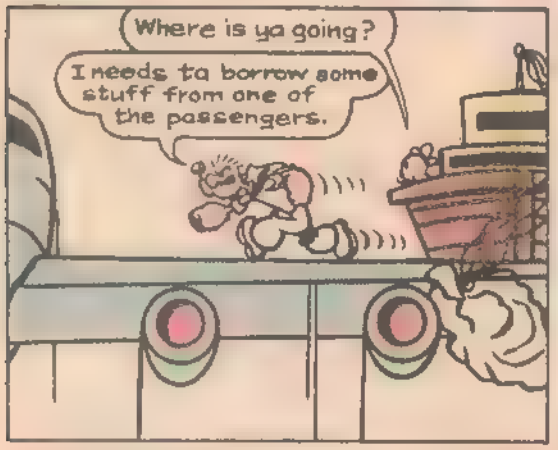
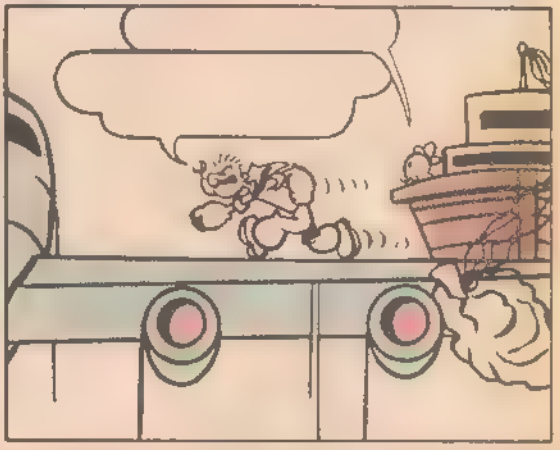
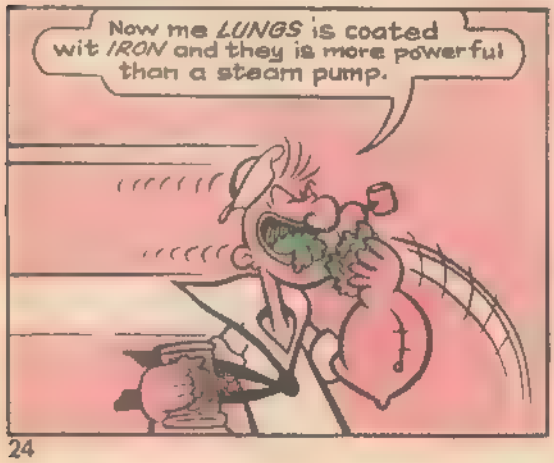
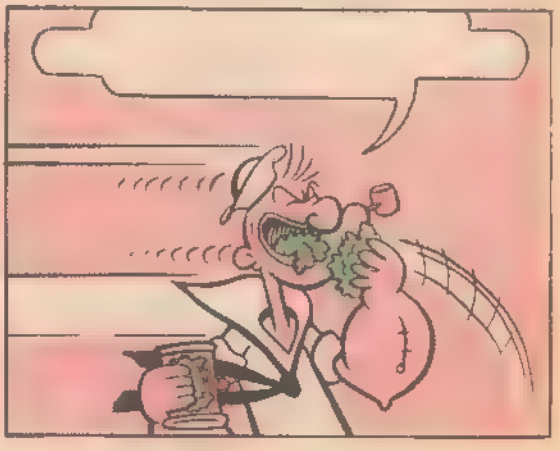


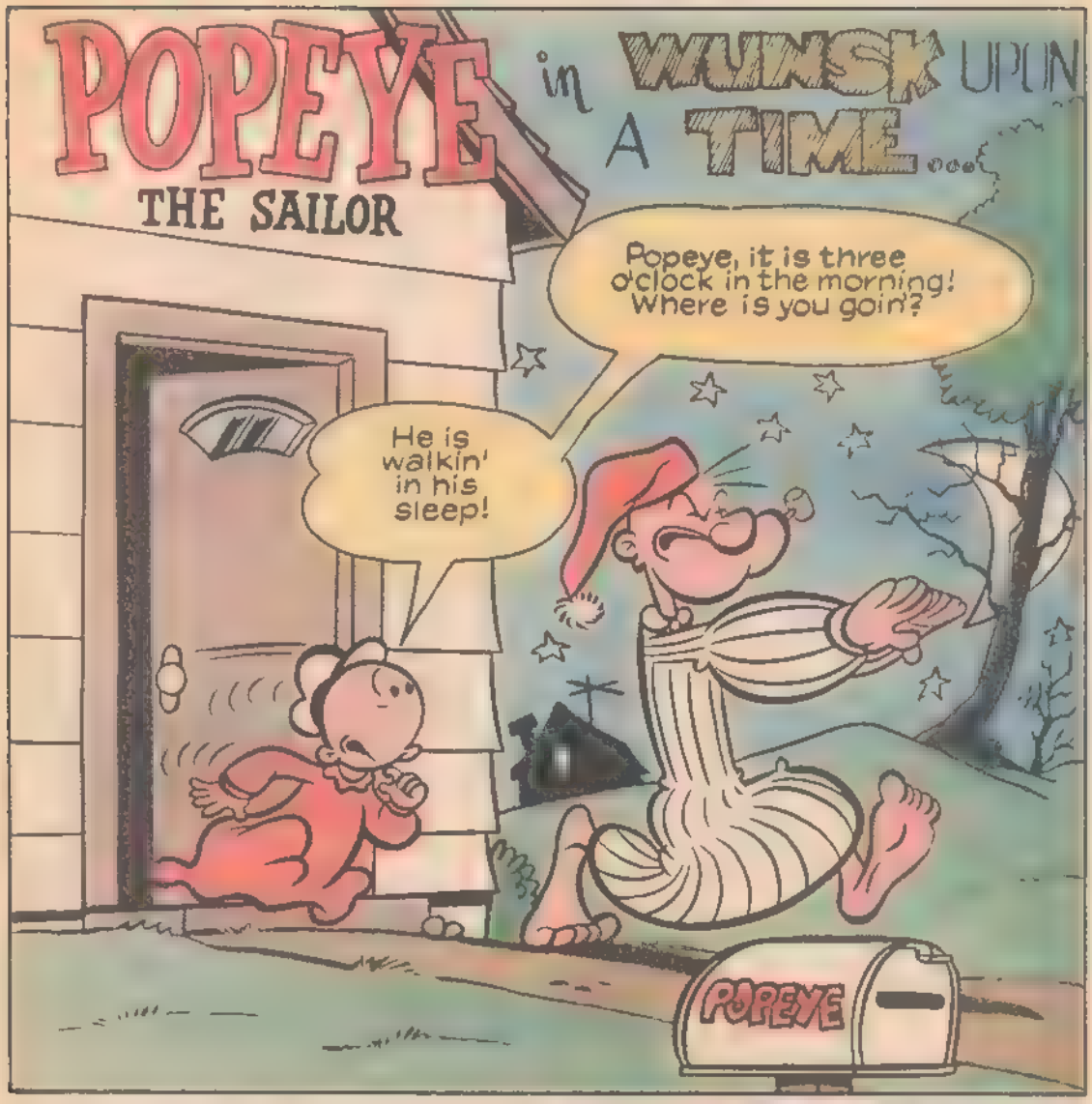


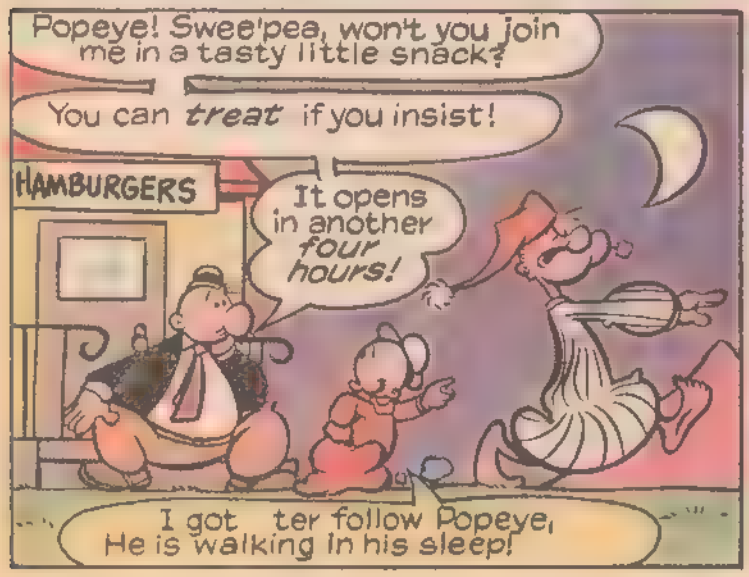


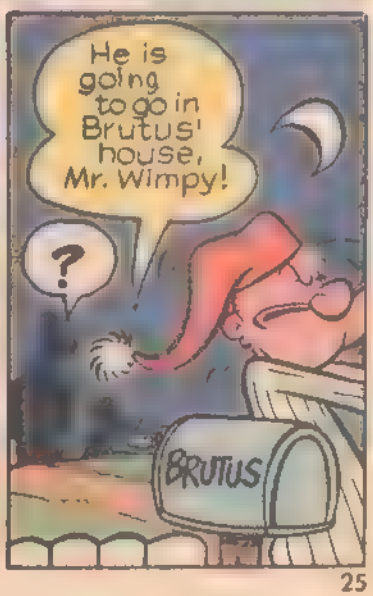


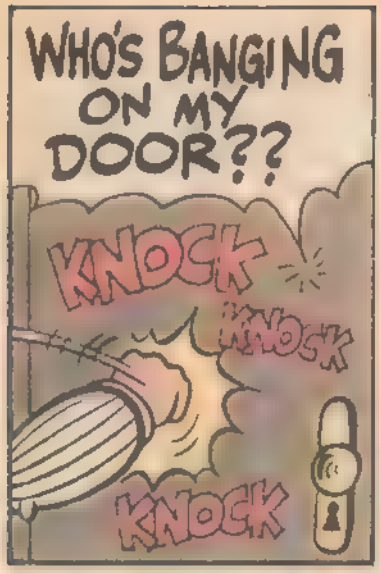


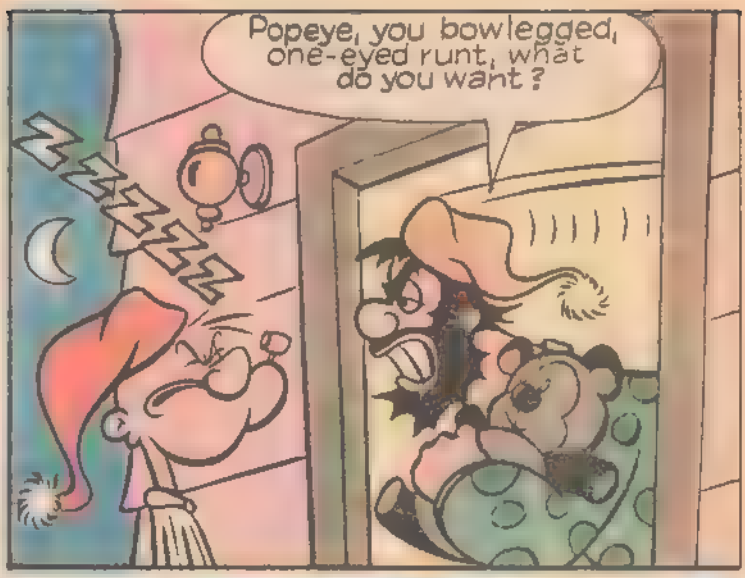


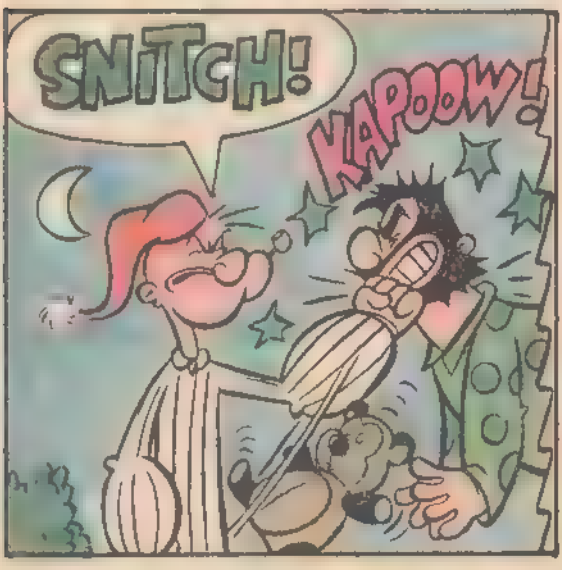

POPEYE
THE SAILOR
in WUNSK UPUN A TIME...
Popeye, it is three o'clock in the morning! Where is you goin'?
He is walkin' in his sleep!
POPEYE

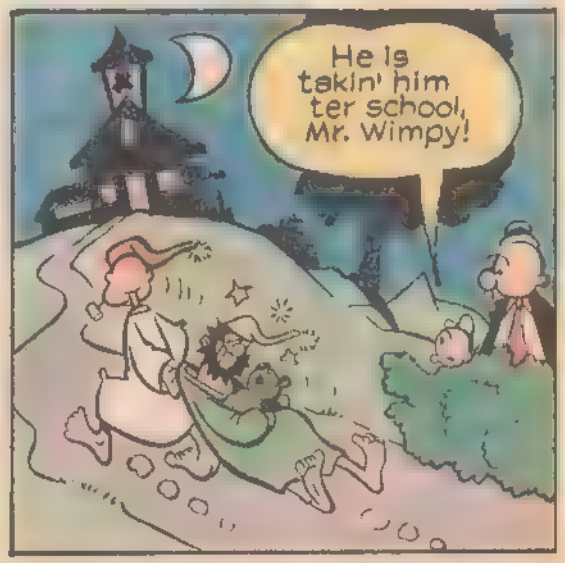

Popeye! Swee'pea, won't you join me in a tasty little snack?
You can *treat* if you insist!
HAMBURGERS
It opens in another *four hours!*
I got ter follow Popeye, He is walking in his sleep!

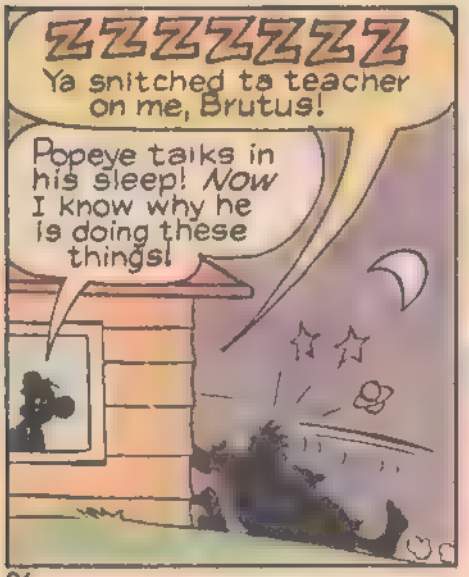

He is going to go in Brutus' house, Mr. Wimpy!
?
BRUTUS

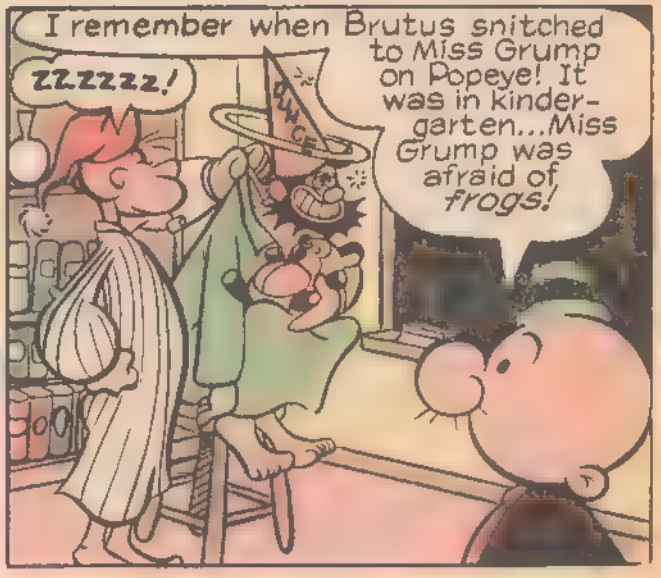

WHO'S BANGING ON MY DOOR??
KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

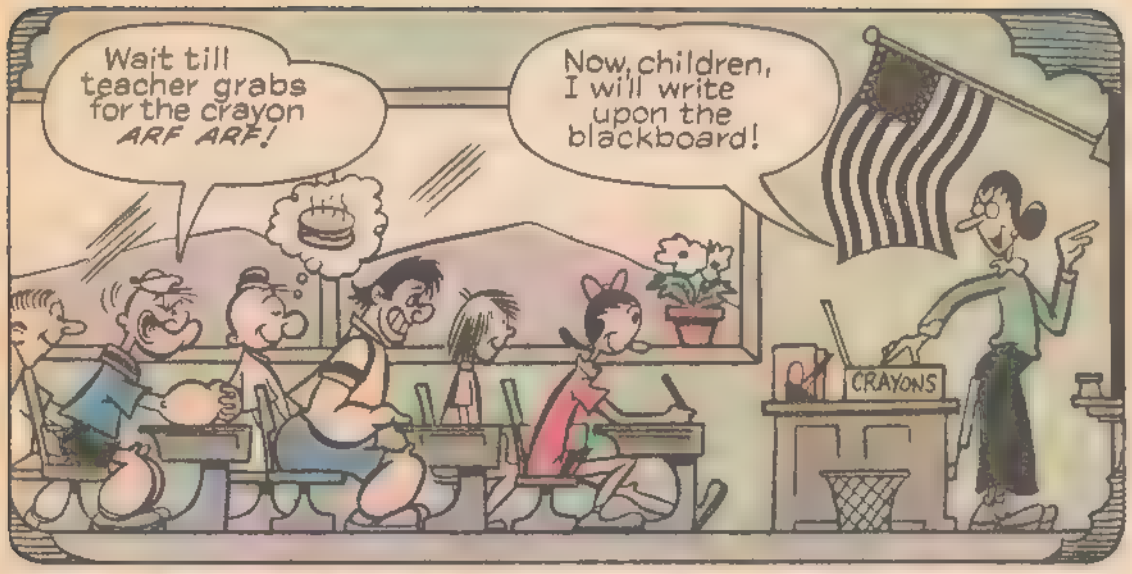

Popeye, you bowlegged, one-eyed runt, what do you want?
ZZZZZZZ


SNITCH!
KAPOOW!

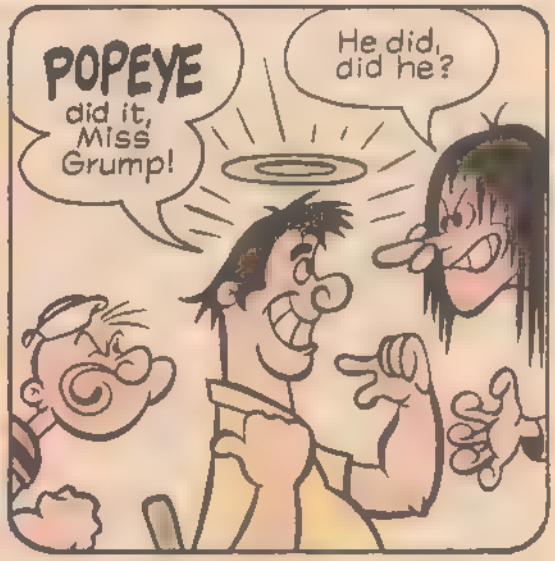

He is takin' him ter school, Mr. Wimpy!

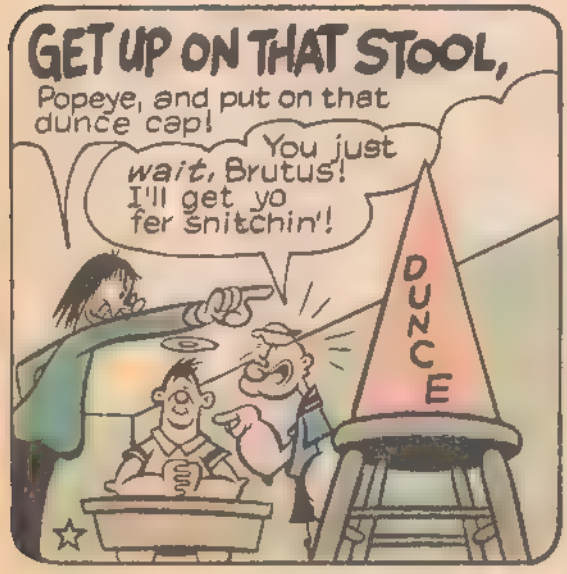

ZZZZZZZ
Ya snitched ta teacher on me, Brutus!
Popeye talks in his sleep! *Now* I know why he is doing these things!

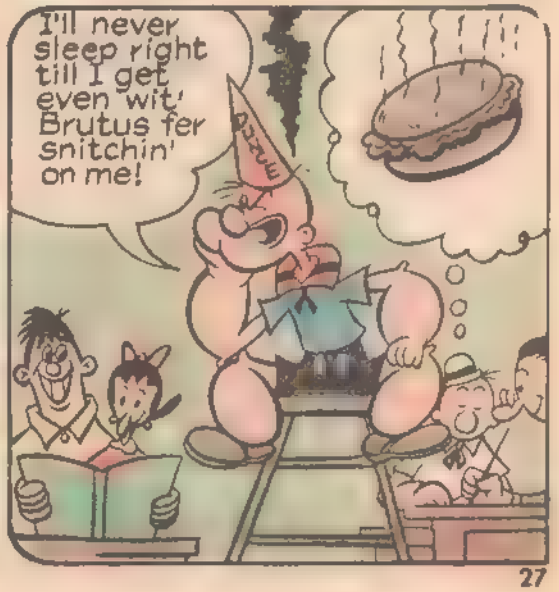

I remember when Brutus snitched to Miss Grump on Popeye! It was in kindergarten...Miss Grump was afraid of *frogs!*
ZZZZZZ!

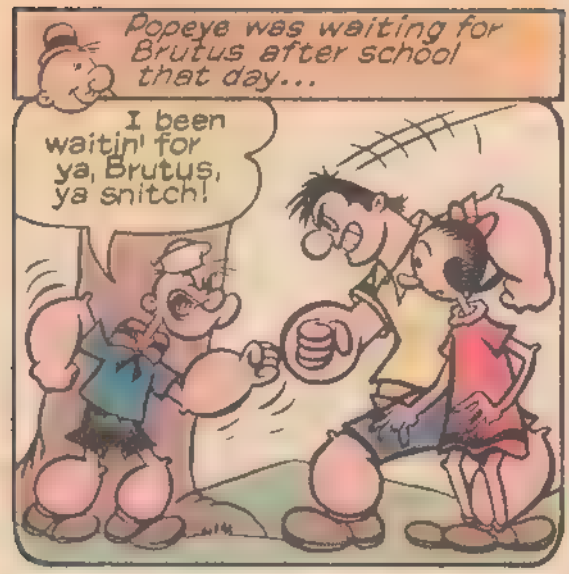

Wait till teacher grabs for the crayon ARF ARF!
Now, children, I will write upon the blackboard!
CRAYONS

YEEEEEEEEKKK!
ARF ARF!
CROAK!

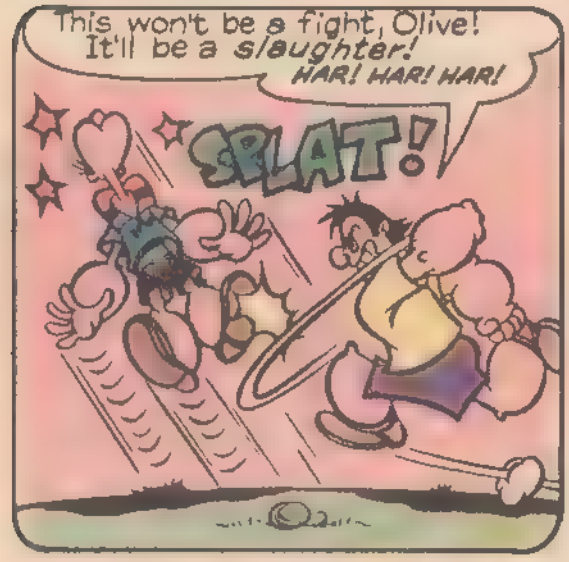

POPEYE did it, Miss Grump!
He did, did he?

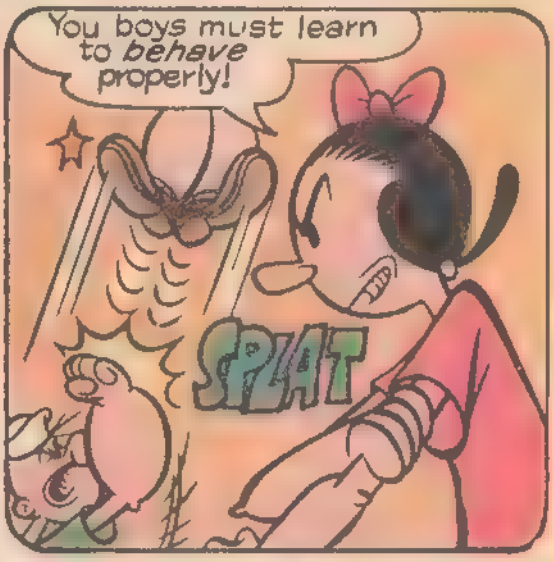

GET UP ON THAT STOOL, Popeye, and put on that dunce cap!
You just wait, Brutus! I'll get yo fer snitchin'!
DUNCE


I'll never sleep right till I get even wit' Brutus fer snitchin' on me!
DUNCE


Popeye was waiting for Brutus after school that day...
I been waitin' for ya, Brutus, ya snitch!

Put up yer dukes, Brutus, ya snitch!
I'll fix you, you skinny runt!
Little gentlemen never fight!


This won't be a fight, Olive! It'll be a slaughter! HAR! HAR! HAR!
SPLAT!

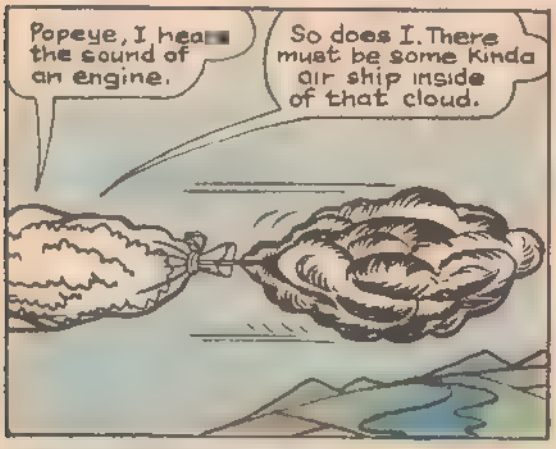

You boys must learn to behave properly!
SPLAT

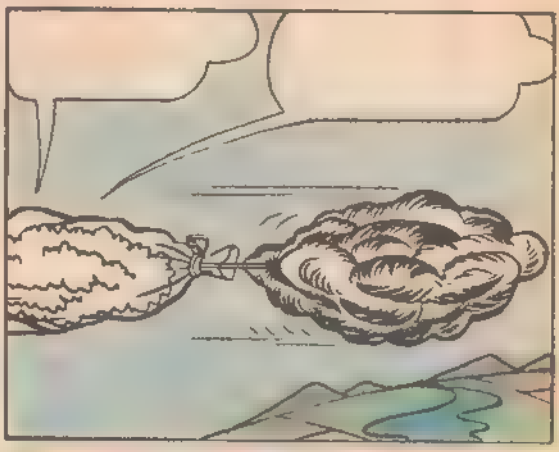
You boys just can't take a hint, can you!
SPLAT
SPLAT
HMMMM... One of them didn't eat his lunch!

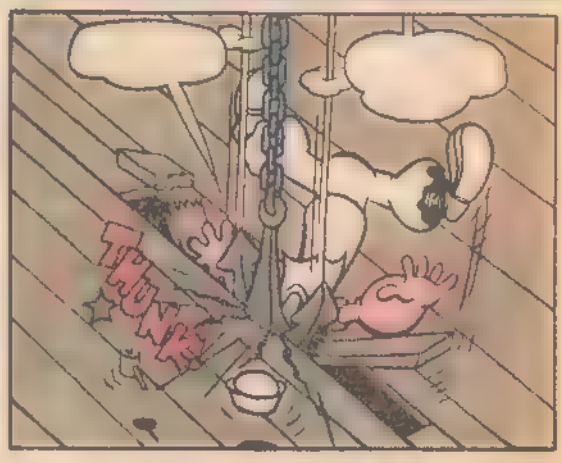
Come on, Wellington, I'll be your girl friend now!
Splendid! I'll permit you to buy me a hamburger! ≥burp≤
Thus it ended, and Popeye never did punish Brutus for tattling on him!
Zzzzz
Wot'll we do, Wimpy? Popeye could get in trouble walkin' in his sleep!
Popeye will walk in his sleep no more, Swee'pea... his mind is at rest... he will sleep peacefully!
POPEYE
Next time he feels like sleepwalkin', I will put him back to bed! ARF ARF!
Zzzzz
END

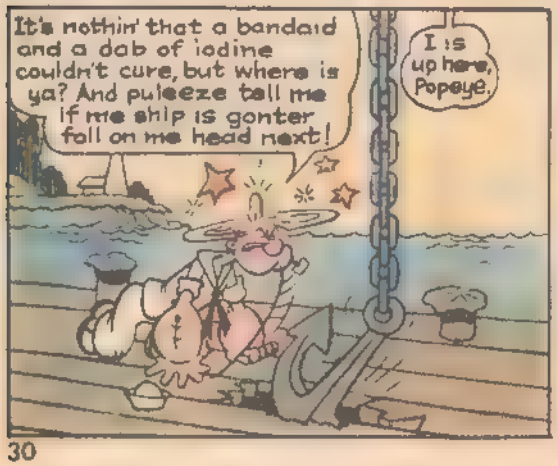
Popeye and his friends would never pass English in school. See if you can help them by filling in the correct words in the blank balloons on another sheet of paper.

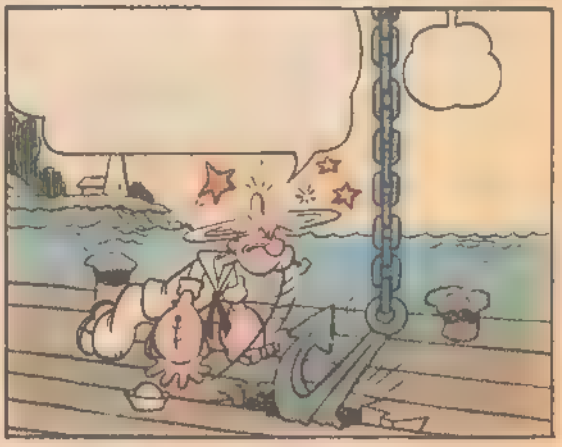
Find the answers on page 32.











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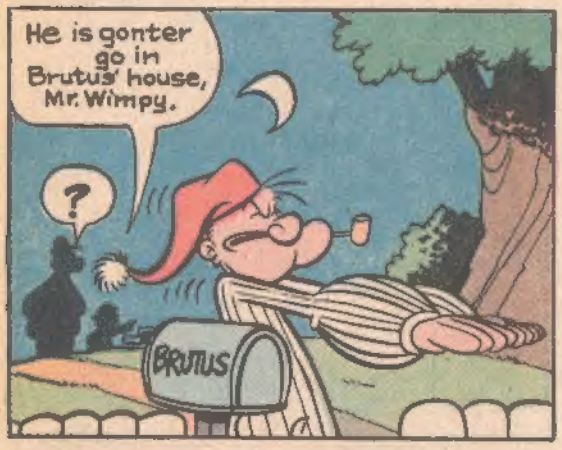

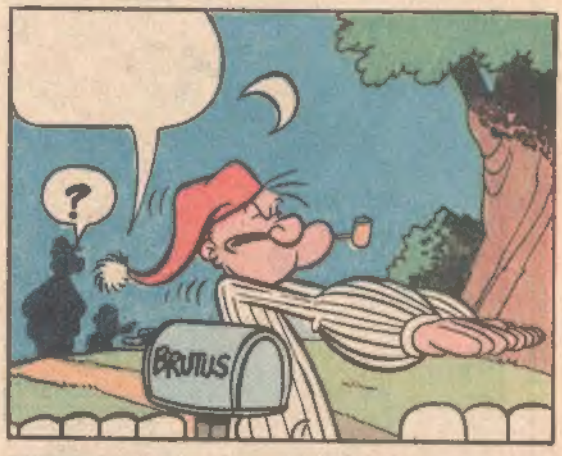

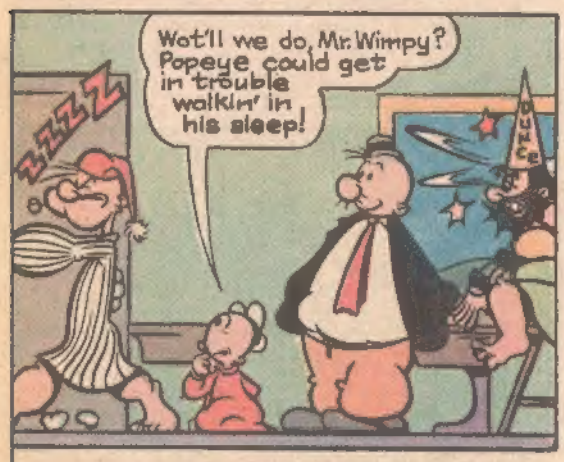

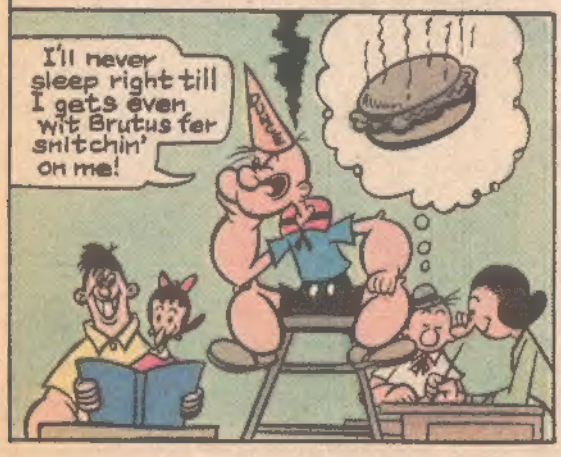

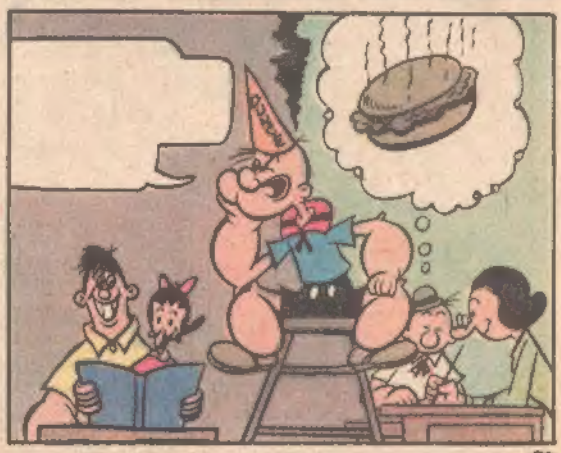

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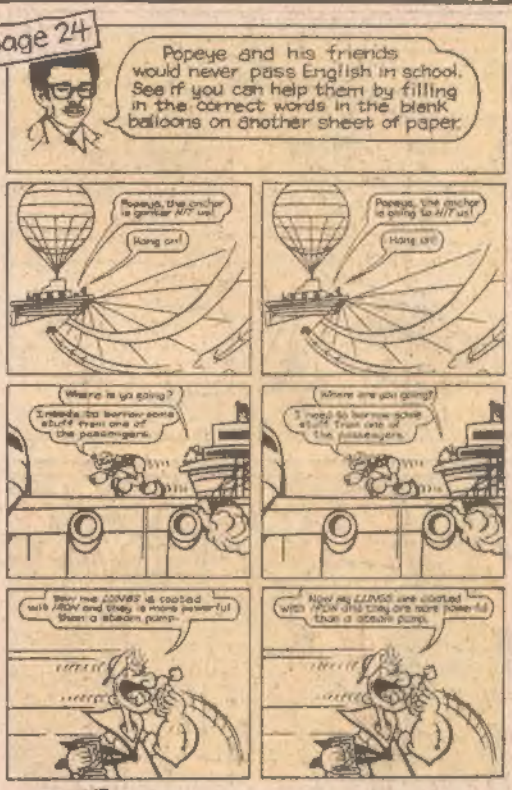
page 24



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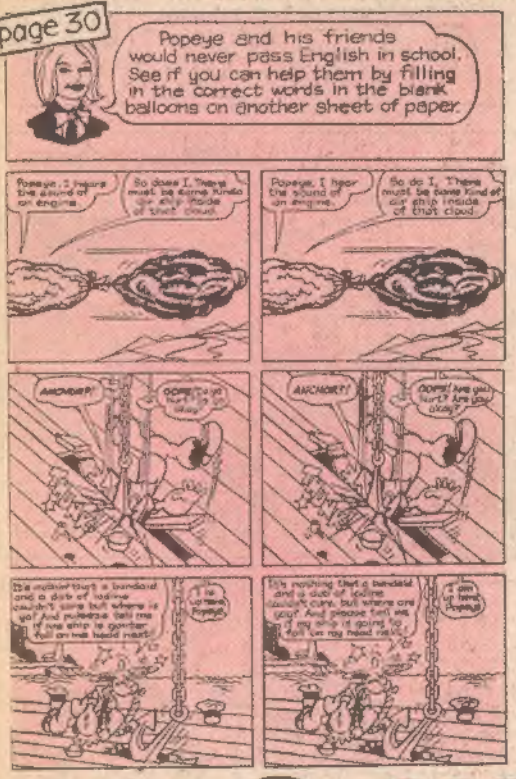

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ANSWER

CAN YOU FIND THE

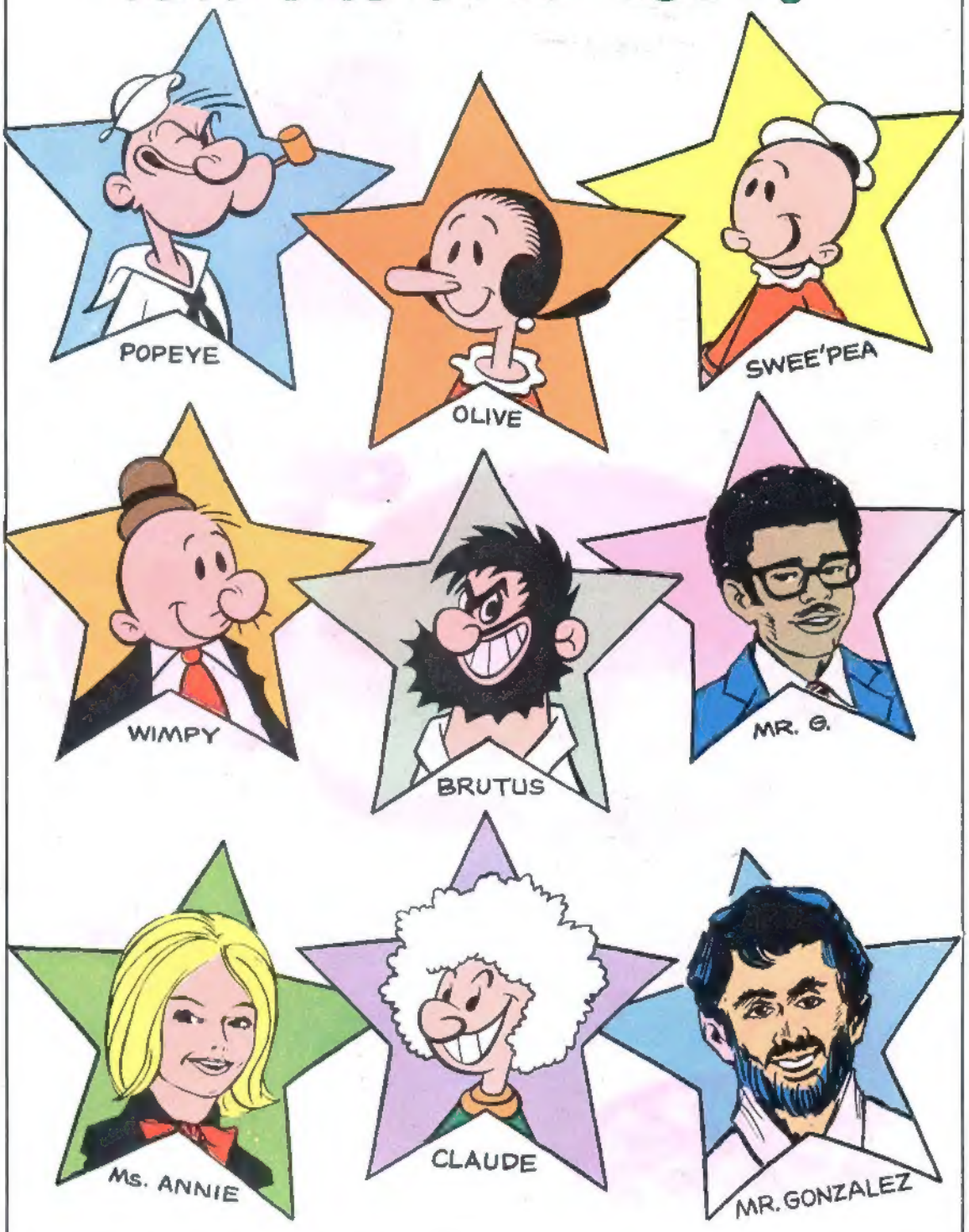
MAIN IDEA

IN THIS MEAL

?

WHICH

DETAILS

DO YOU LIKE WITH IT ?

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